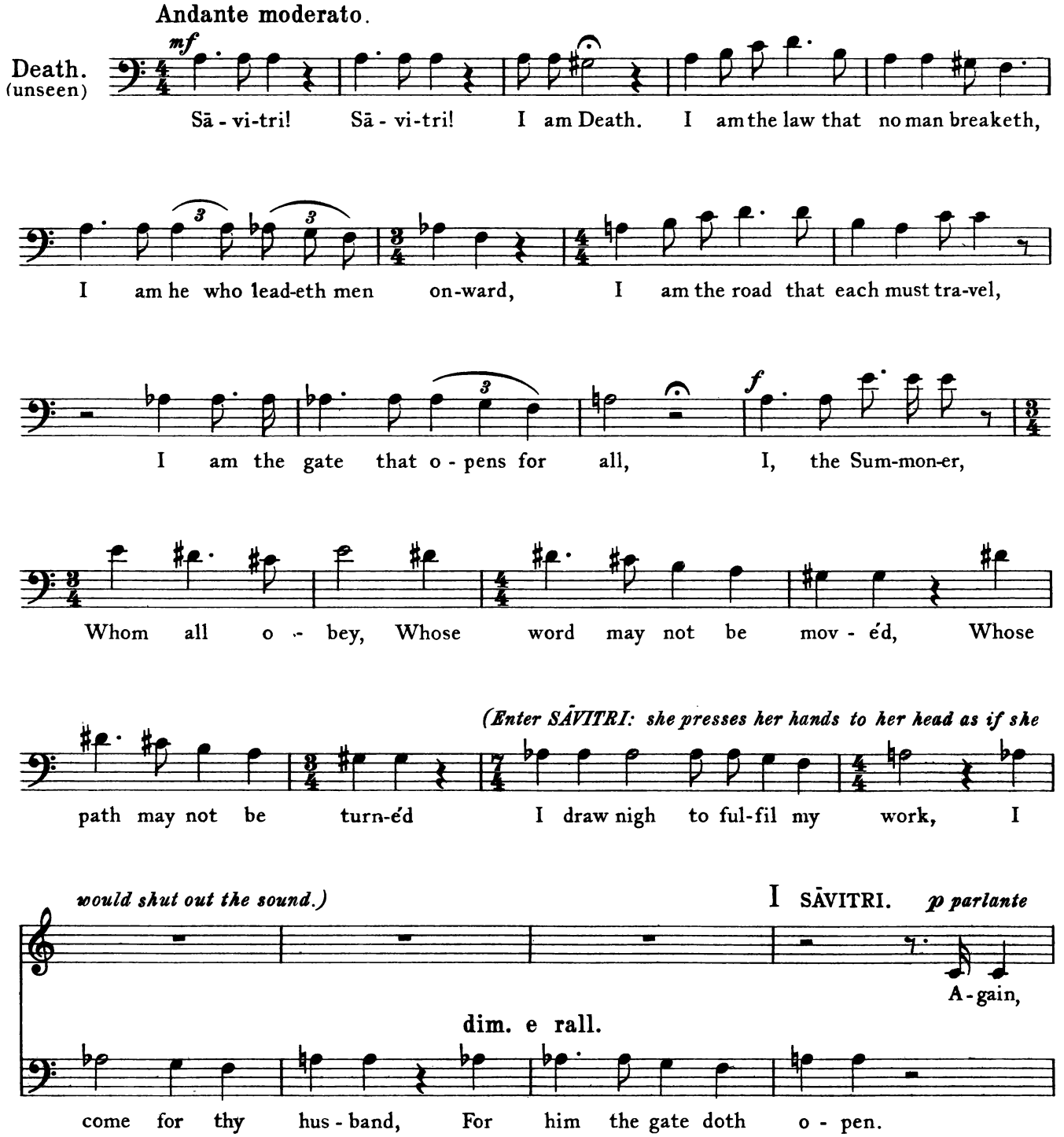
SĀVITRI.

An Episode from the Mahabharata.

GUSTAV HOLST.
Op. 25.



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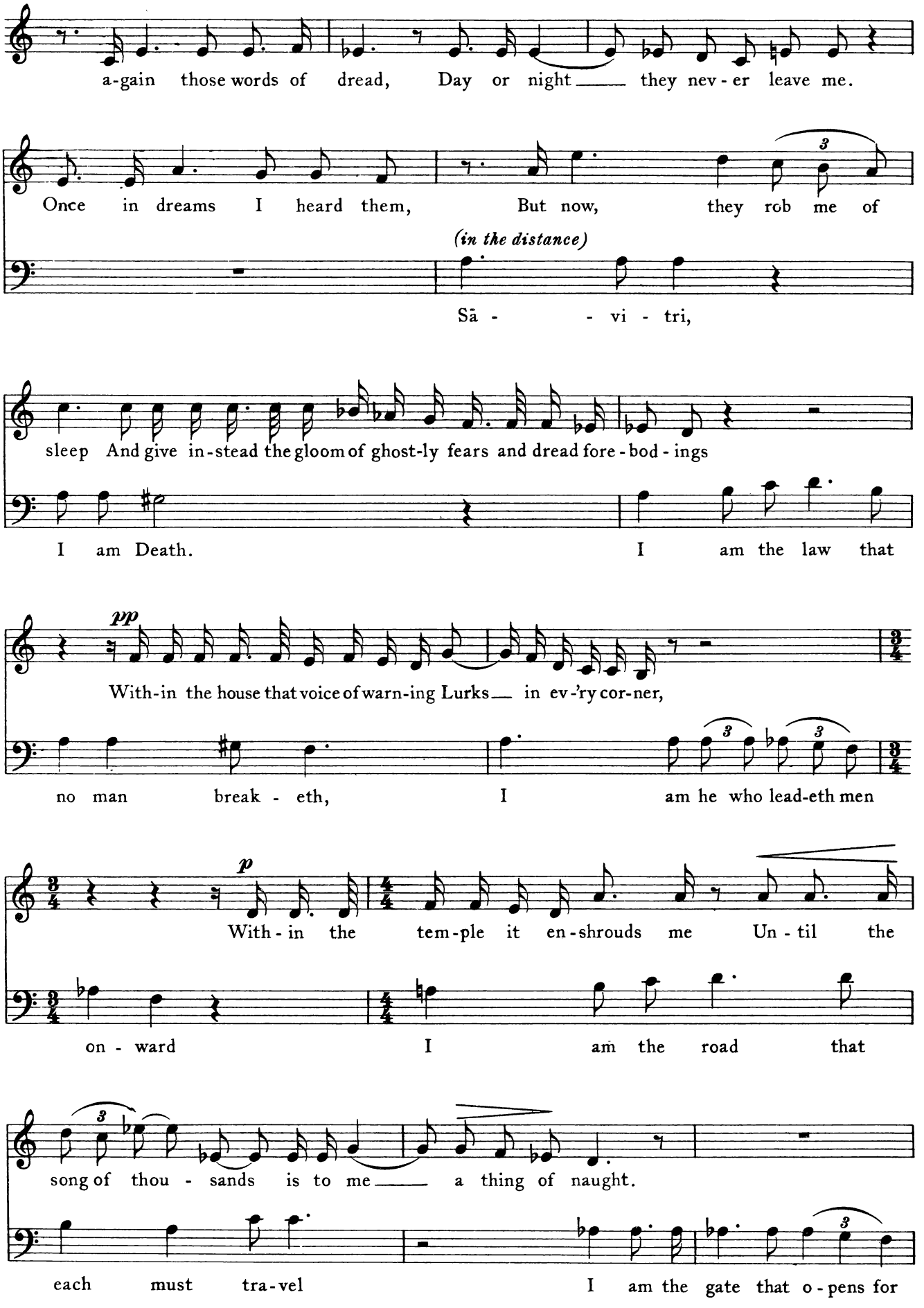

a-gain those words of dread, Day or night they nev-er leave me.
Once in dreams I heard them, But now, they rob me of
(in the distance)
Sā - - vi - tri,
sleep And give in-stead the gloom of ghost-ly fears and dread fore-bod-ings
I am Death. I am the law that
pp
With-in the house that voice of warn-ing Lurks in ev-'ry cor-ner,
no man break-eth, I am he who lead-eth men
p
With-in the tem-ple it en-shrouds me Un-til the
on-ward I am the road that
song of thou-sands is to me a thing of naught.
each must tra-vel I am the gate that o-pens for

II

And here the earth it-self doth fade, Nought re-mains but that dread cry.

all.

pp Viola.

'I come for thy hus-band? For

pp

Fl.

Sat-ya-vān, Sat-ya-vān, He the strong and fear-less one,

f

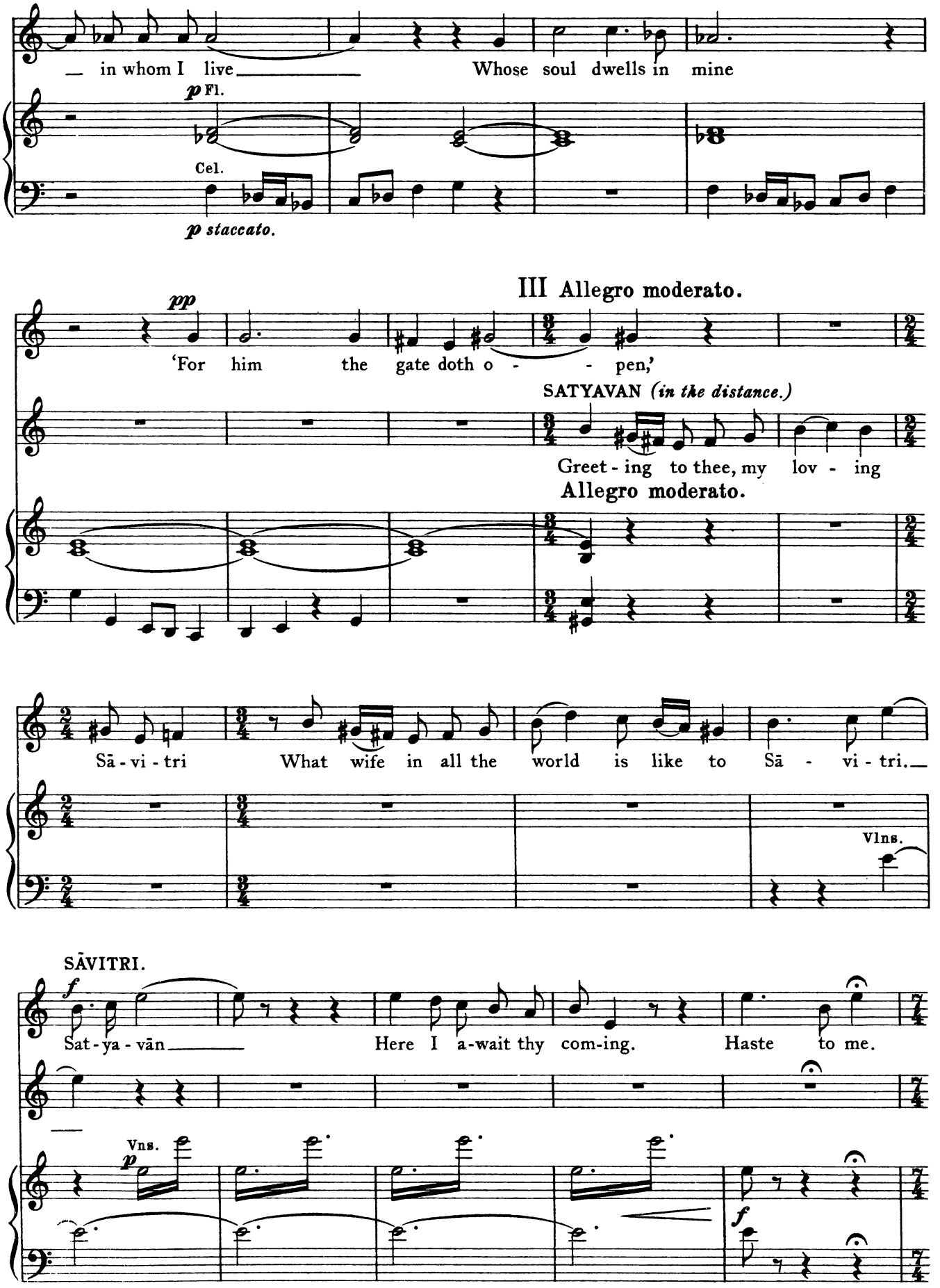
Fl. *f*

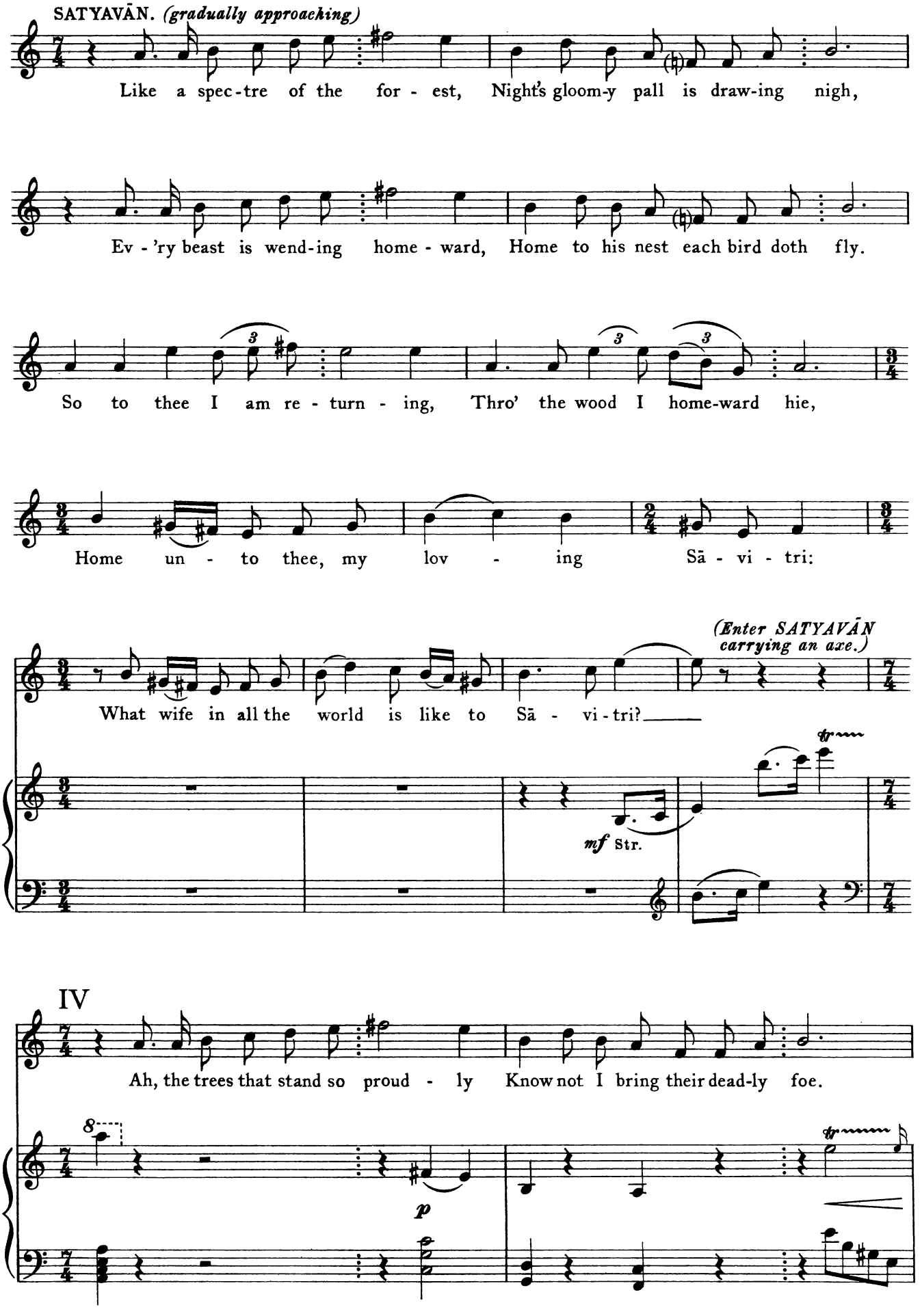
Str.
E.H.

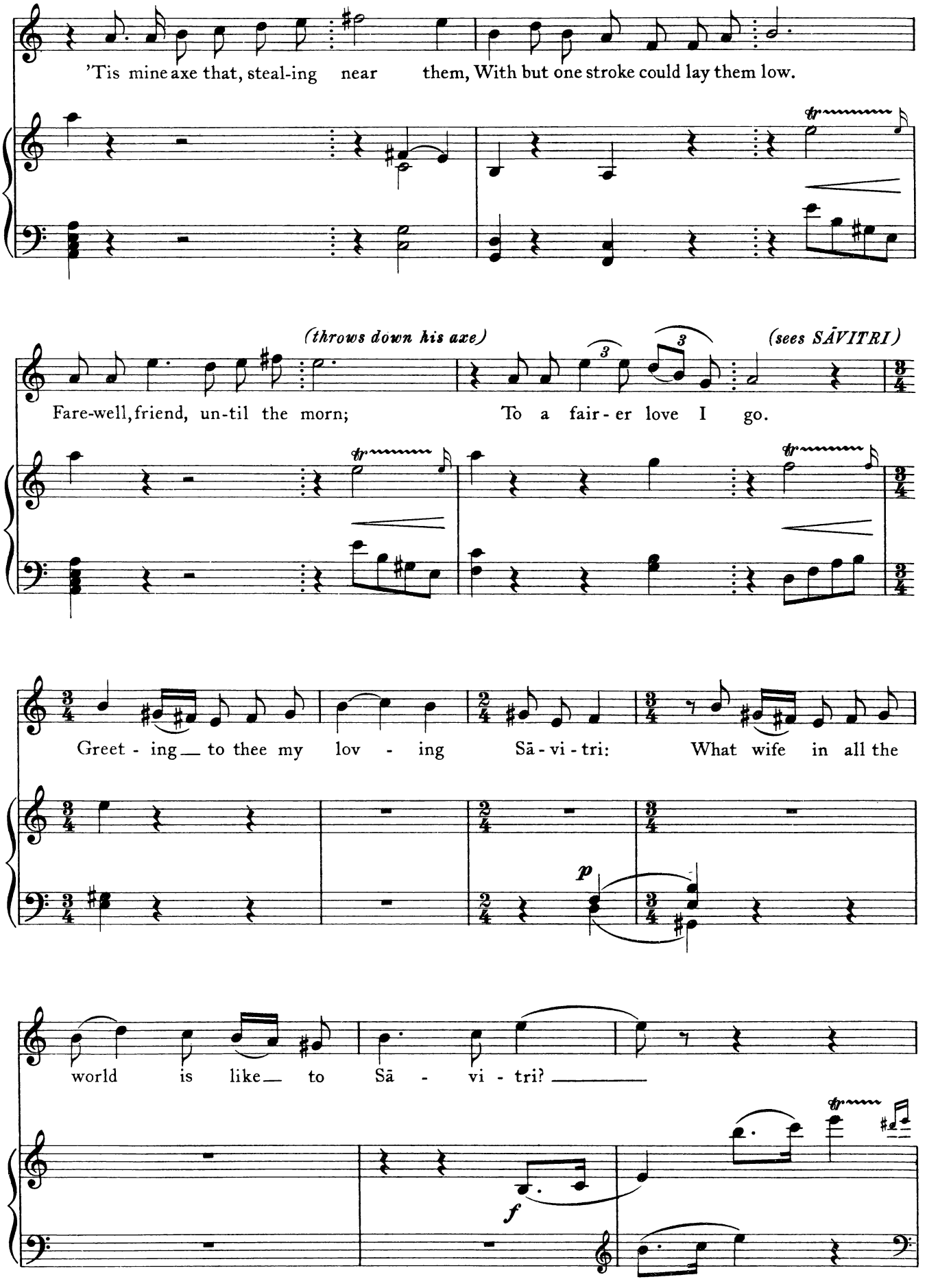
In whose hands an axe is a feath-er? He

3

p dolce


— in whom I live —
Whose soul dwells in mine
p Fl.
Cel.
p staccato.
III Allegro moderato.
pp
'For him the gate doth o - - pen,'
SATYAVAN (in the distance.)
Greet - ing to thee, my lov - ing
Allegro moderato.
Sā - vi - tri
What wife in all the world is like to Sā - vi - tri.
Vlns.
SĀVITRI.
f
Sat - ya - vān —
Here I a-wait thy com-ing.
Haste to me.
Vns.
p
f


SATYAVĀN. (gradually approaching)
Like a spec-tre of the for - est, Night's gloom-y pall is draw-ing nigh,
Ev - 'ry beast is wend-ing home - ward, Home to his nest each bird doth fly.
So to thee I am re - turn - ing, Thro' the wood I home-ward hie,
Home un - to thee, my lov - ing Sā - vi - tri:
(Enter SATYAVĀN carrying an axe.)
What wife in all the world is like to Sā - vi - tri?
mf Str.
IV
Ah, the trees that stand so proud - ly Know not I bring their dead-ly foe.
p


'Tis mine axe that, steal-ing near them, With but one stroke could lay them low.
(throws down his axe)
(sees SĀVITRI)
Fare-well, friend, un-til the morn; To a fair-er love I go.
Greet - ing to thee my lov - ing Sā - vi - tri: What wife in all the
world is like to Sā - vi - tri?
p
f

SĀVITRI. *pp*

The

But thou art pale and tremb-ling, What ails thee?

p

V

mf

for-est is to me a mir-ror where-in. I see an-oth-er world,

pp

con 8o

a world where all is name-less, un-known, all sick with fear.

CHORUS. 1st. & 2nd. TREB. *pp*

ALTO.

ppp

una corda

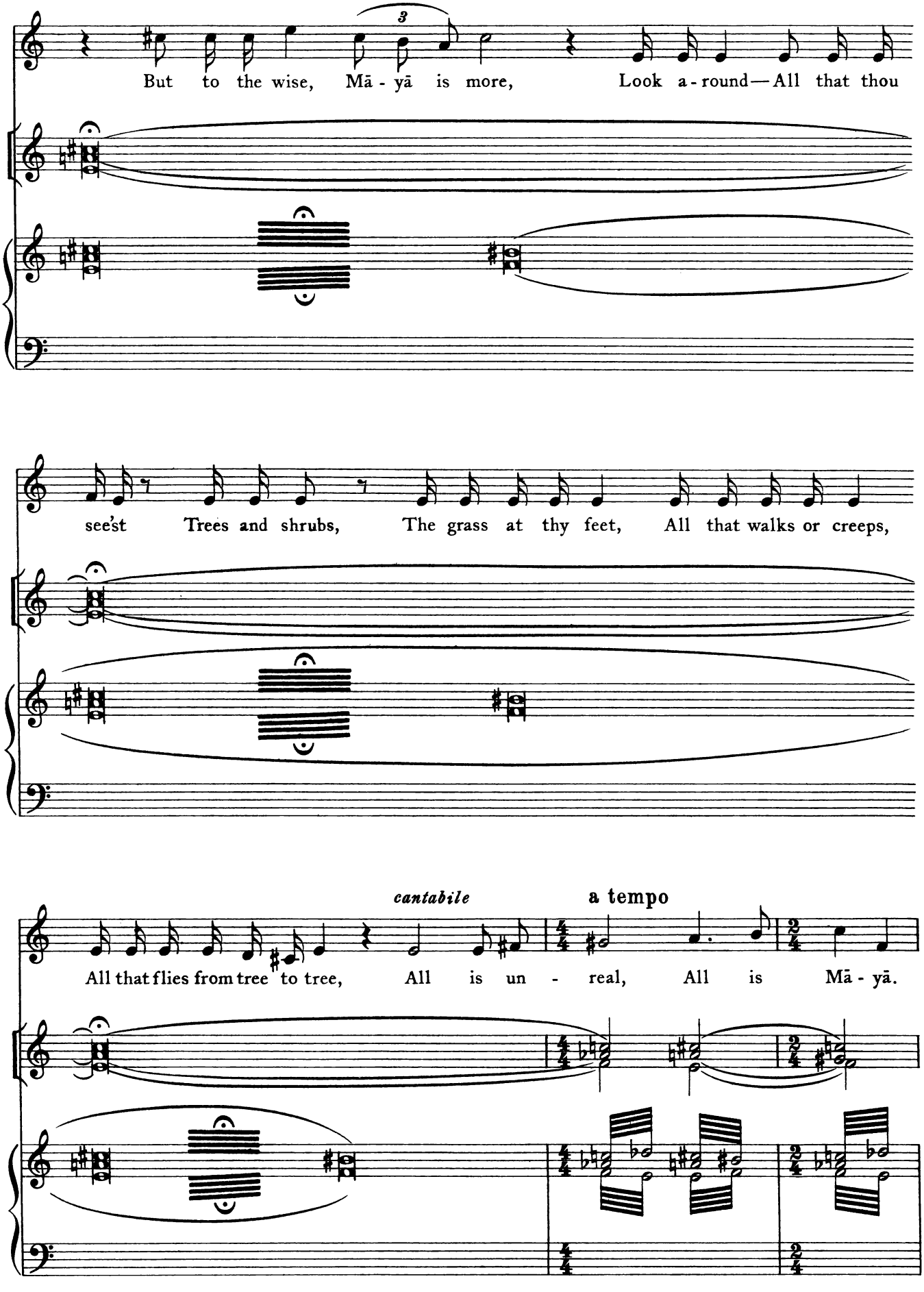
ad lib. senza mesura.

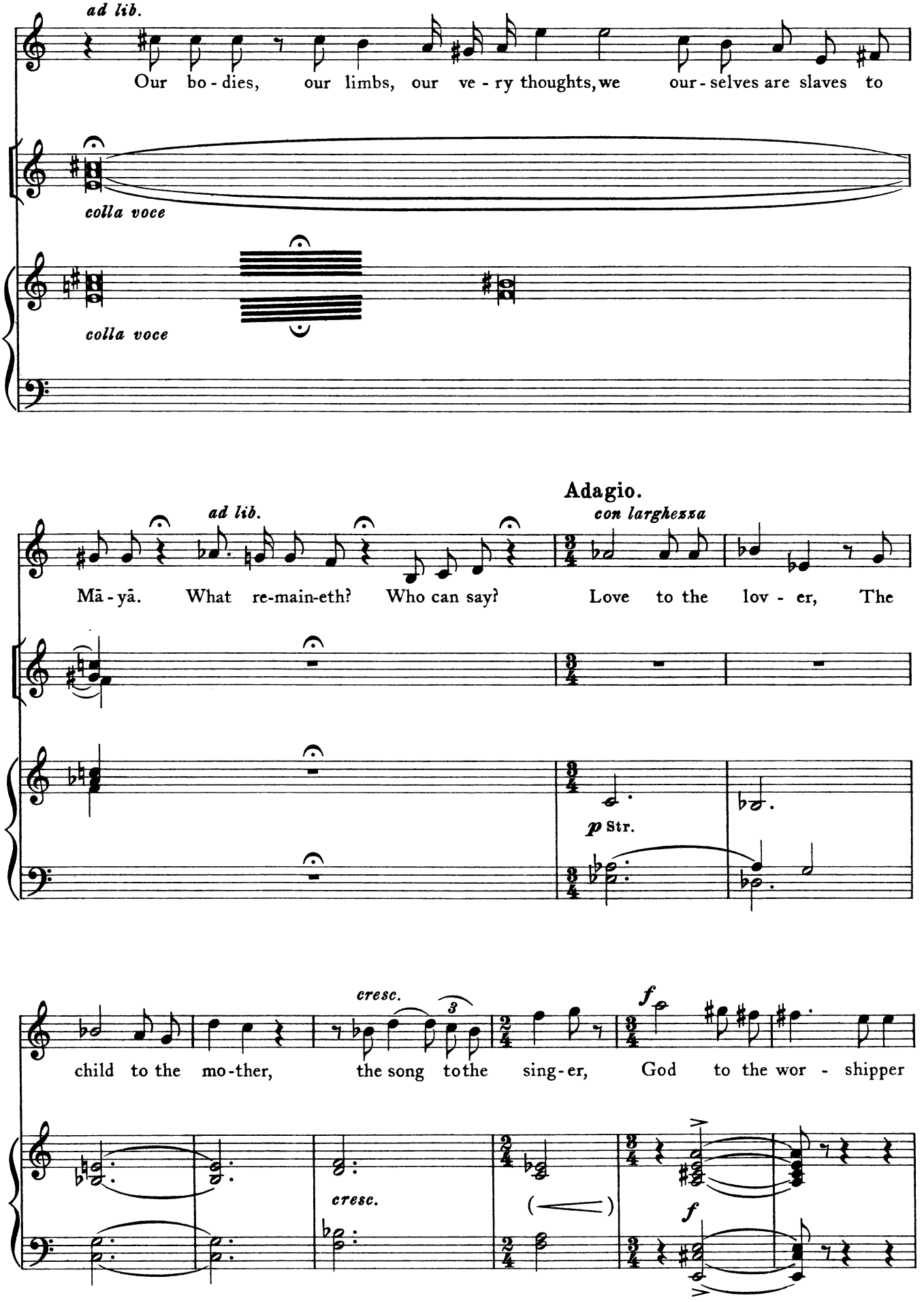
p parlante

It is Mā-yā: Dost thou not know her? Il-lu-sion, dreams, phan-toms.

colla voce

colla voce


But to the wise, Mā - yā is more, Look a - round — All that thou
see'st Trees and shrubs, The grass at thy feet, All that walks or creeps,
cantabile
a tempo
All that flies from tree to tree, All is un - real, All is Mā - yā.


ad lib.
Our bo - dies, our limbs, our ve - ry thoughts, we our - selves are slaves to
colla voce
colla voce
Adagio.
ad lib.
con larghezza
Mā - yā. What re-main-eth? Who can say? Love to the lov - er, The
p Str.
cresc.
f
child to the mo-ther, the song to the sing-er, God to the wor - shipper
cresc.
f

SATYAVĀN.

dim.

Maestoso.

These wand-'ring thro' the world of Ma - ya are per-chance sha-dows of that which

CHORUS TREBLES.

p

CHORUS ALTOS.

f

pp

Ad lib. senza mesura.

VI

parlante

p agitato

SĀVITRI.

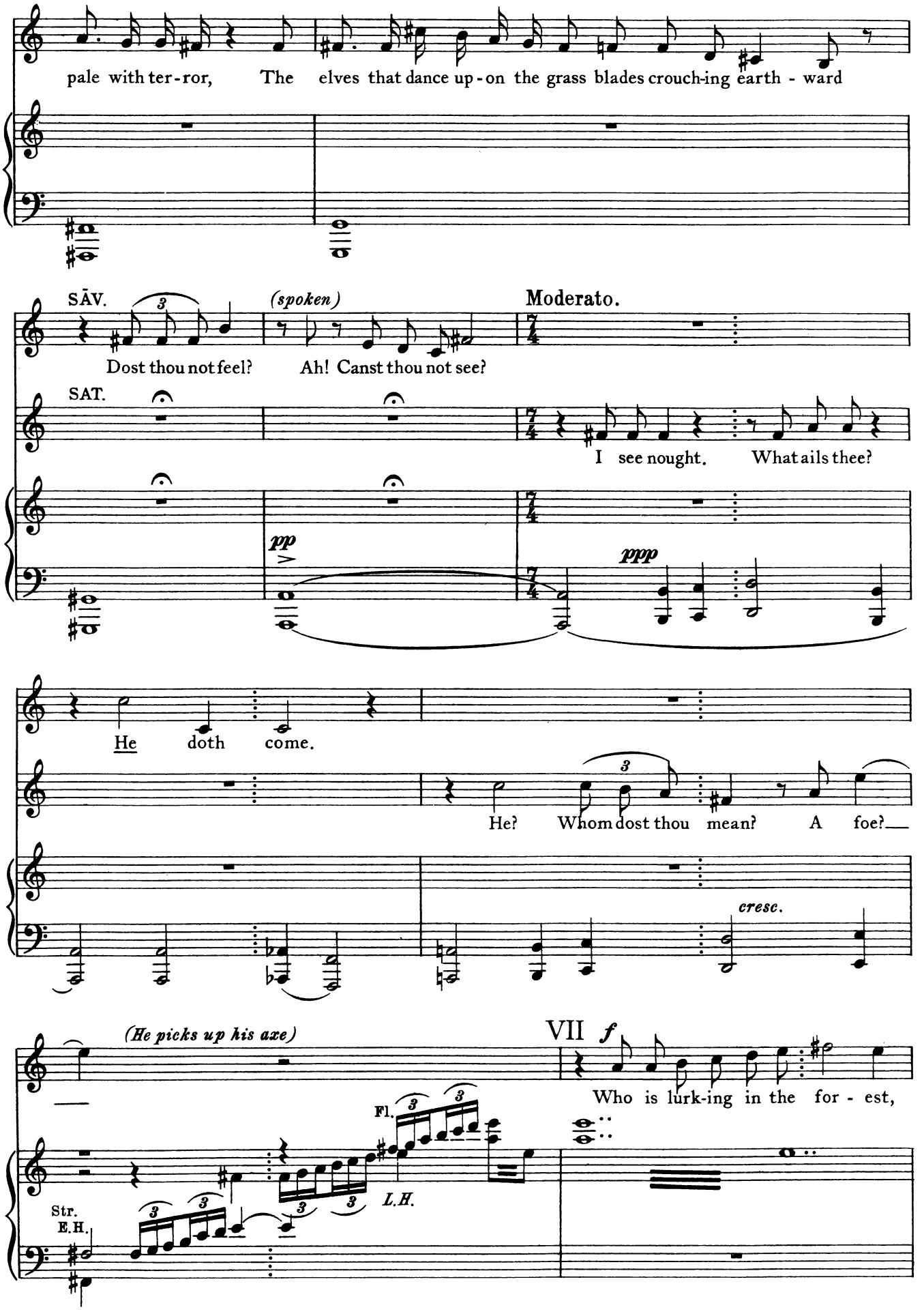
Once I knew Mā - yā, Now she is for-

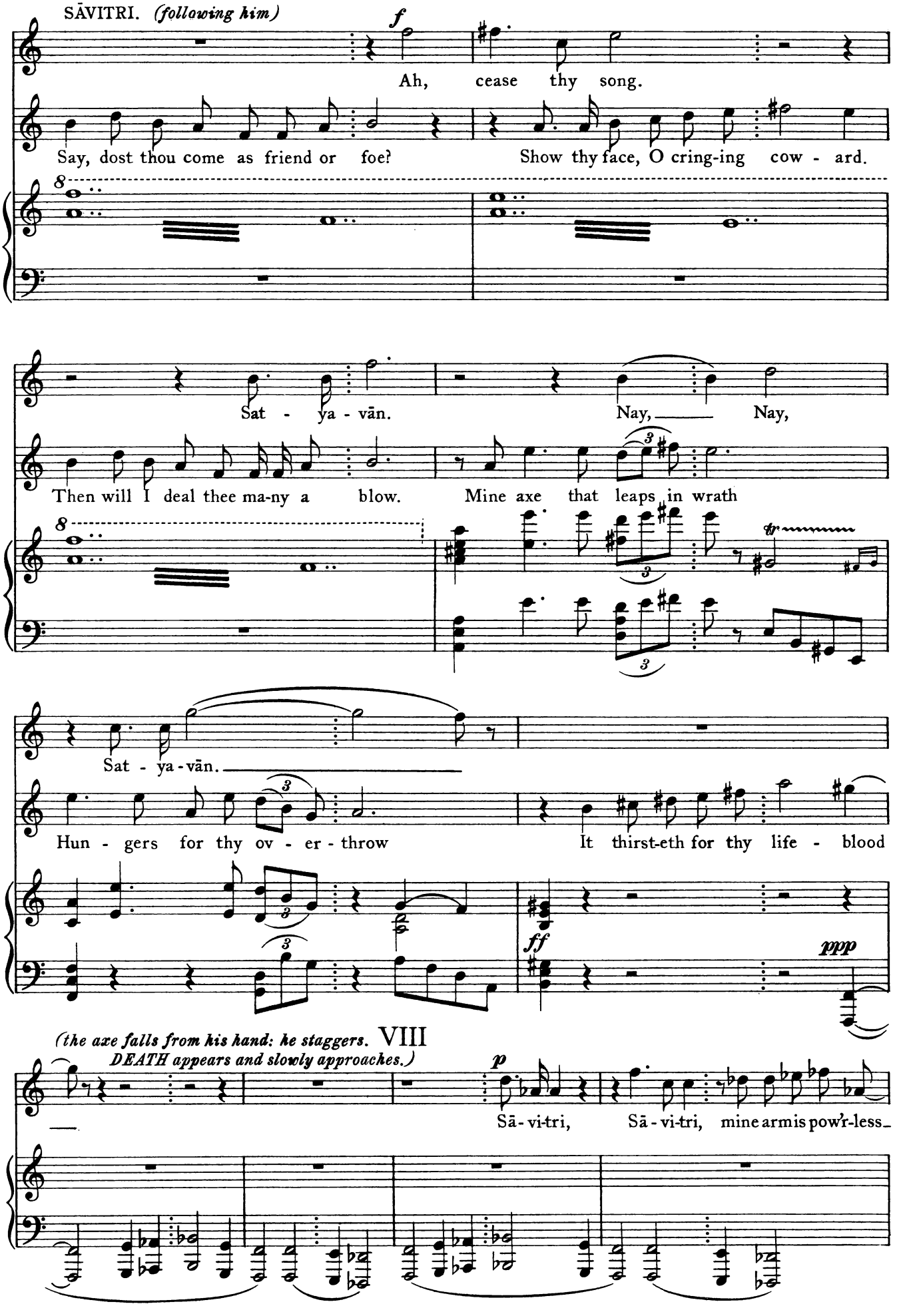
is.

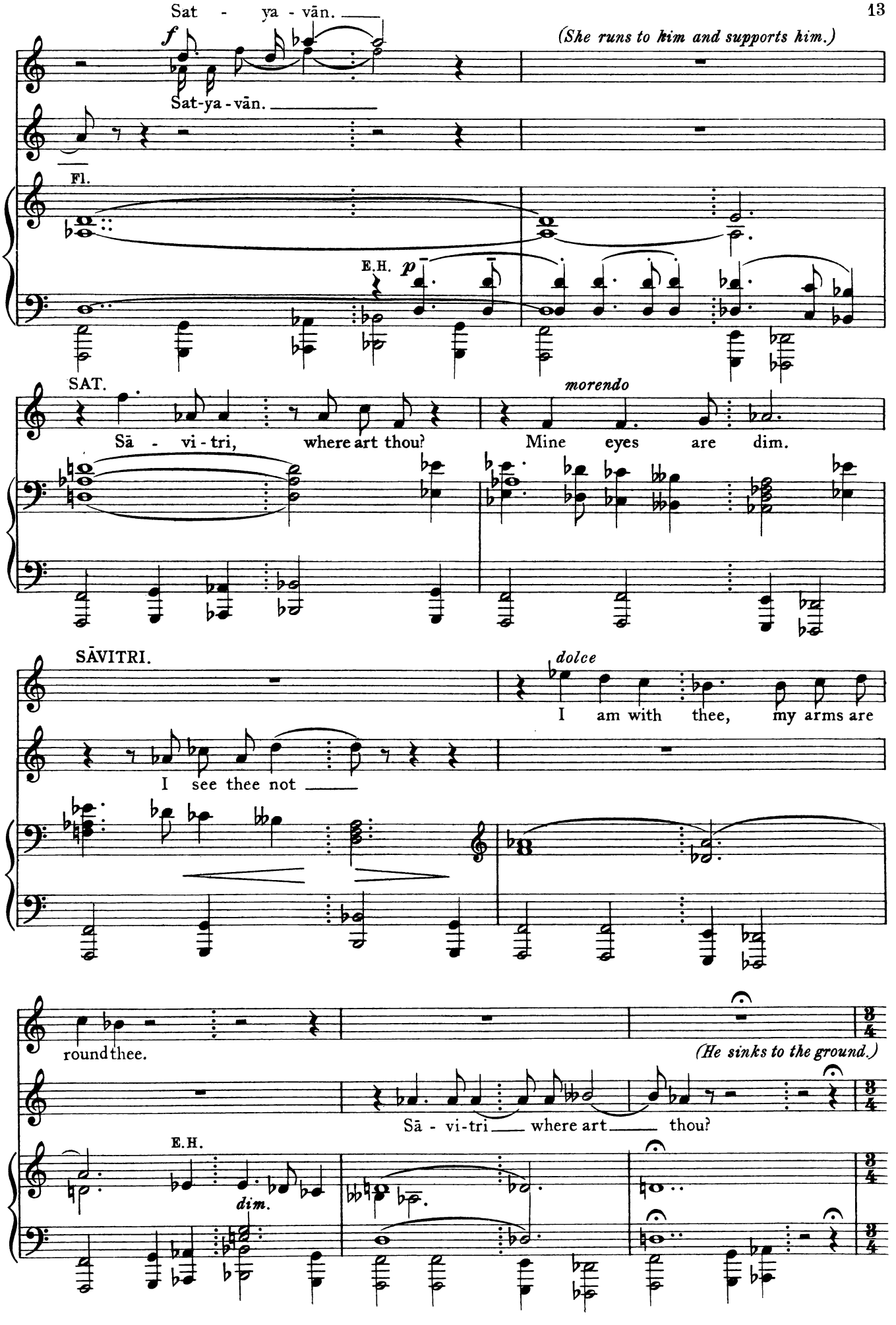
colla voce

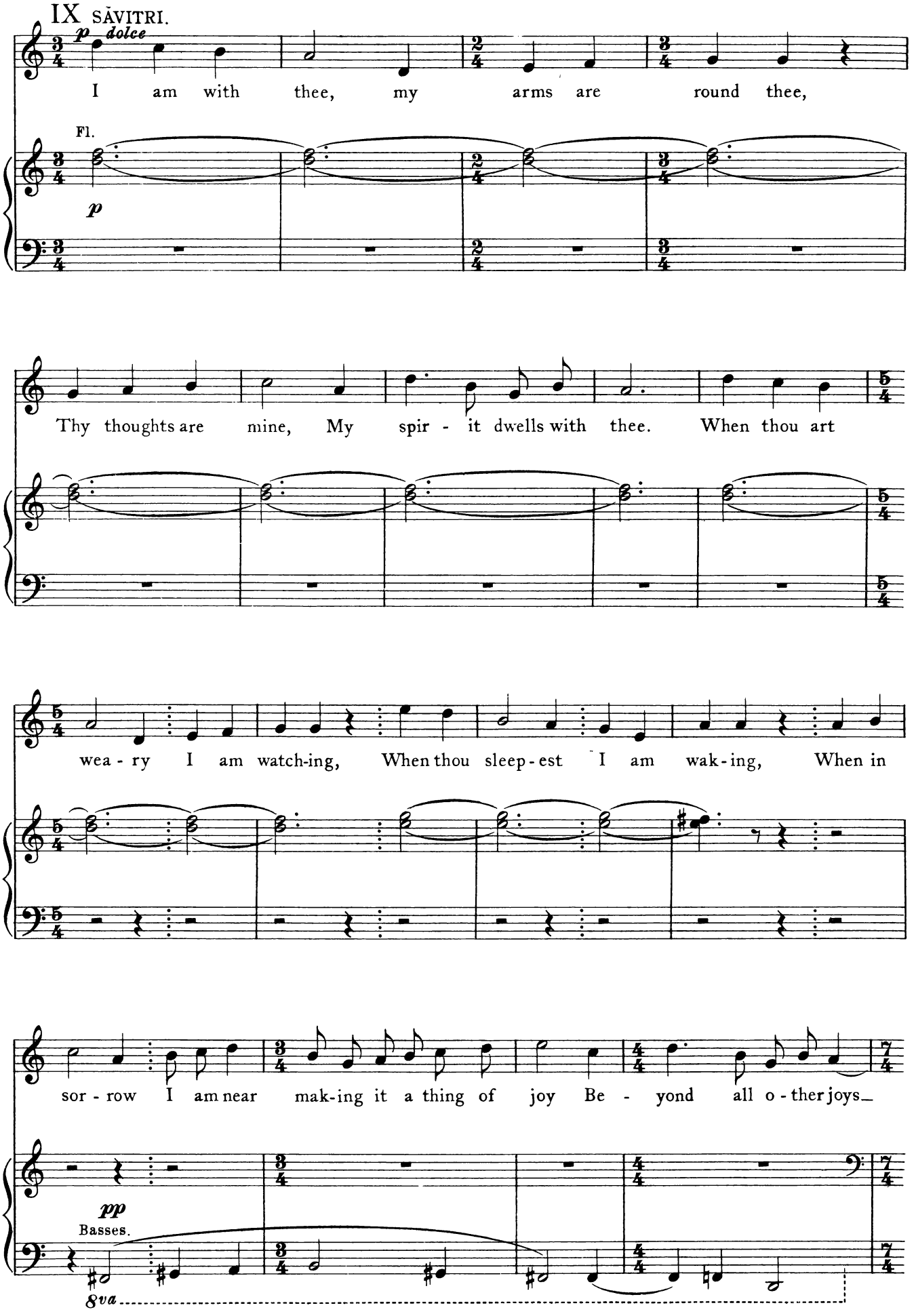
cresc. è accel. poco a poco

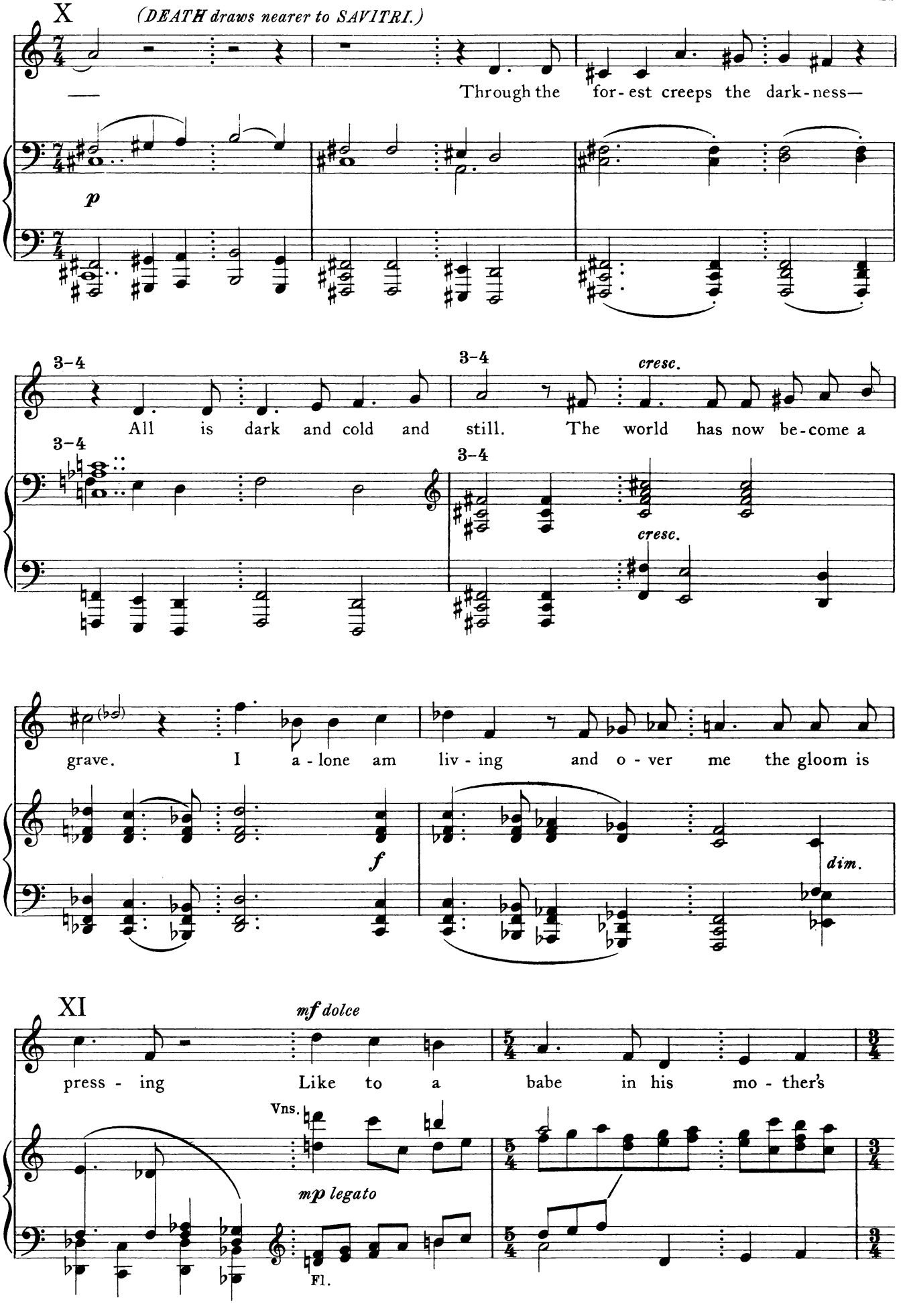
got, Mine eyes are o - pen, would they were shut, I see the heart of ev-'ry tree,

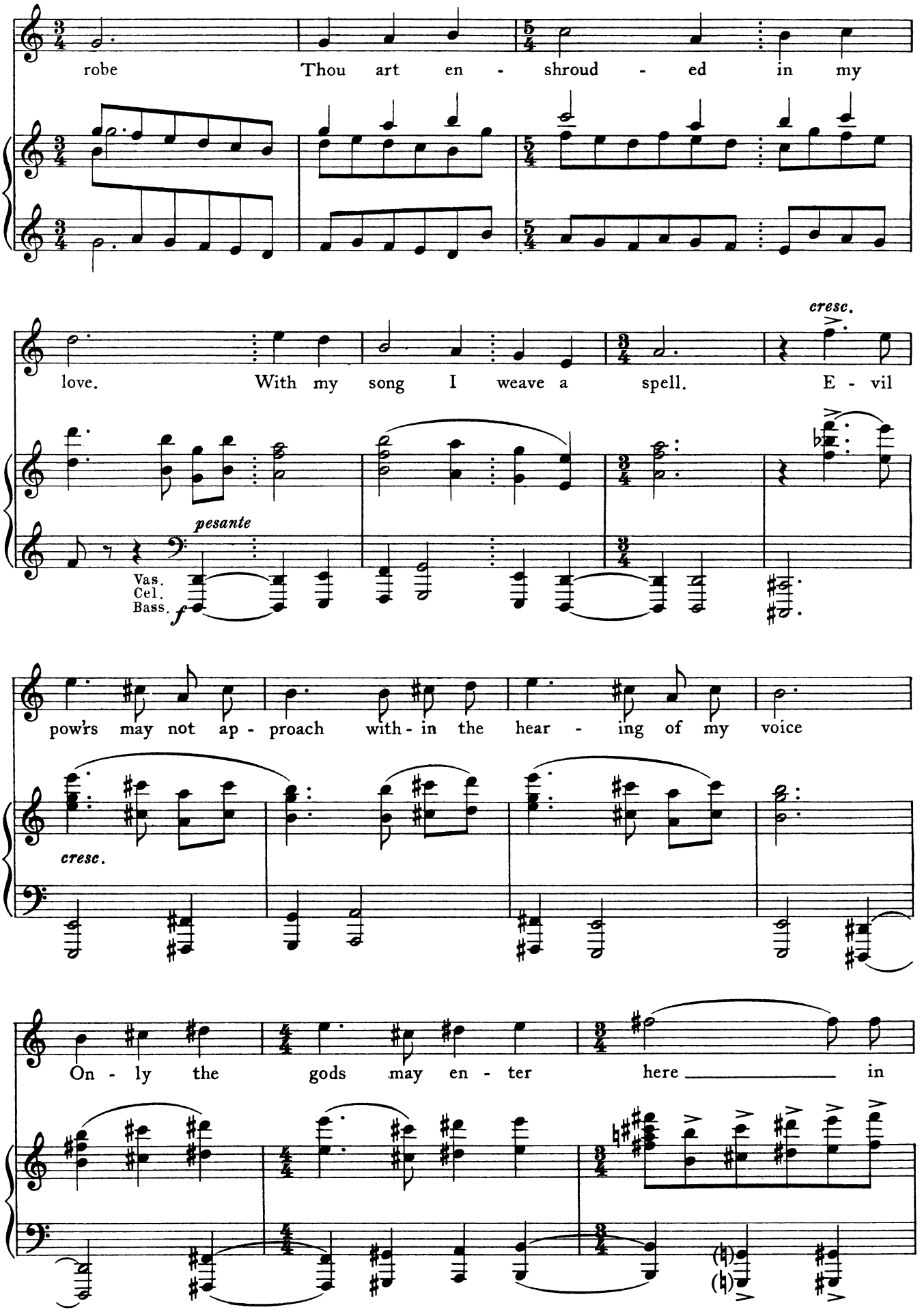

pale with ter-ror, The elves that dance up-on the grass blades crouch-ing earth-ward
SĀV.
(spoken)
Moderato.
Dost thou not feel? Ah! Canst thou not see?
SAT.
I see nought. What ails thee?
pp
ppp
He doth come.
He? Whom dost thou mean? A foe?
cresc.
(He picks up his axe)
VII
f
Who is lurk-ing in the for-est,
Fl.
L.H.
Str.
E.H.


SĀVITRI. (following him)
f
Ah, cease thy song.
Say, dost thou come as friend or foe?
Show thy face, O cring-ing cow - ard.
Sat - ya - vān.
Nay, Nay,
Then will I deal thee ma-ny a blow.
Mine axe that leaps in wrath
Sat - ya - vān.
Hun - gers for thy ov - er - throw
It thirst-eth for thy life - blood
ff
ppp
(the axe falls from his hand: he staggers. DEATH appears and slowly approaches.)
VIII
p
Sā - vi-tri,
Sā - vi-tri, mine arm is pow'r-less


Sat - ya - vān.
f
(She runs to him and supports him.)
Sat-ya-vān.
Fl.
E.H.
p
SAT.
morendo
Sā - vi - tri, where art thou? Mine eyes are dim.
SĀVITRI.
dolce
I am with thee, my arms are
I see thee not
round thee.
(He sinks to the ground.)
Sā - vi-tri where art thou?
E.H.
dim.


IX SĀVITRI.
p dolce
I am with thee, my arms are round thee,
Fl.
p
Thy thoughts are mine, My spir - it dwells with thee. When thou art
wea - ry I am watch-ing, When thou sleep - est I am wak - ing, When in
sor - row I am near mak-ing it a thing of joy Be - yond all o - ther joys_
pp
Basses.
8va


X
(DEATH draws nearer to SAVITRI.)
Through the for-est creeps the dark-ness—
p
3-4
All is dark and cold and still. The world has now be-come a
cresc.
grave. I a-lone am liv-ing and o-ver me the gloom is
f
dim.
XI
mf dolce
press-ing Like to a babe in his mo-ther's
Vns.
mp legato
Fl.


robe Thou art en - shroud - ed in my
love. With my song I weave a spell. E - vil
cresc.
pesante
Vas.
Cel.
Bass.
f
pow'rs may not ap - proach with - in the hear - ing of my voice
cresc.
On - ly the gods may en - ter here in

SĀVITRI.

XII

ho - li - ness and love Ah! all fades

DEATH. *(close to her)*

Sā - vi - tri

TREBLES.

ALTOS.

f

f

8

ff

7 7 7 7

(she sinks to the ground)

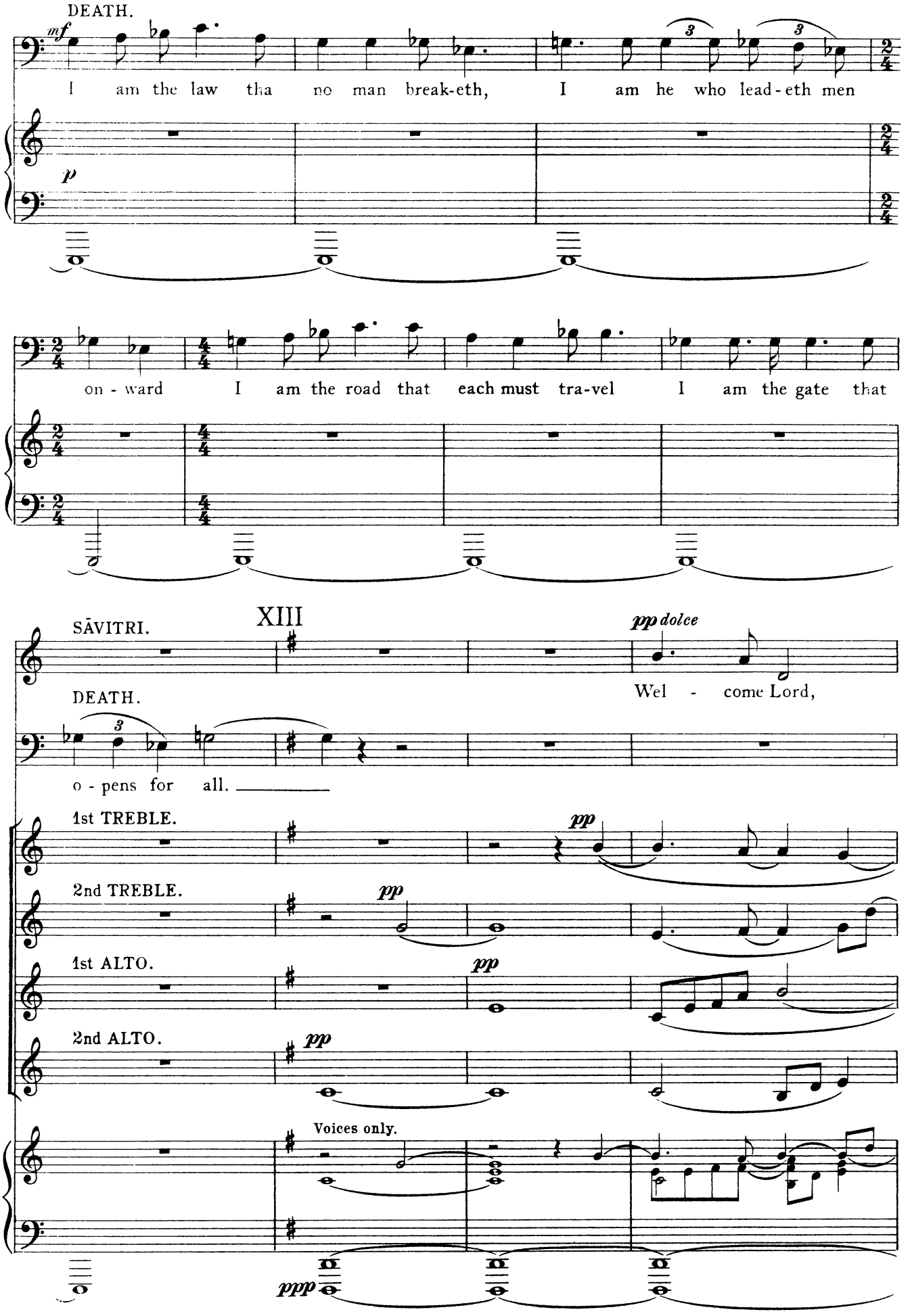
Andante sostenuto.

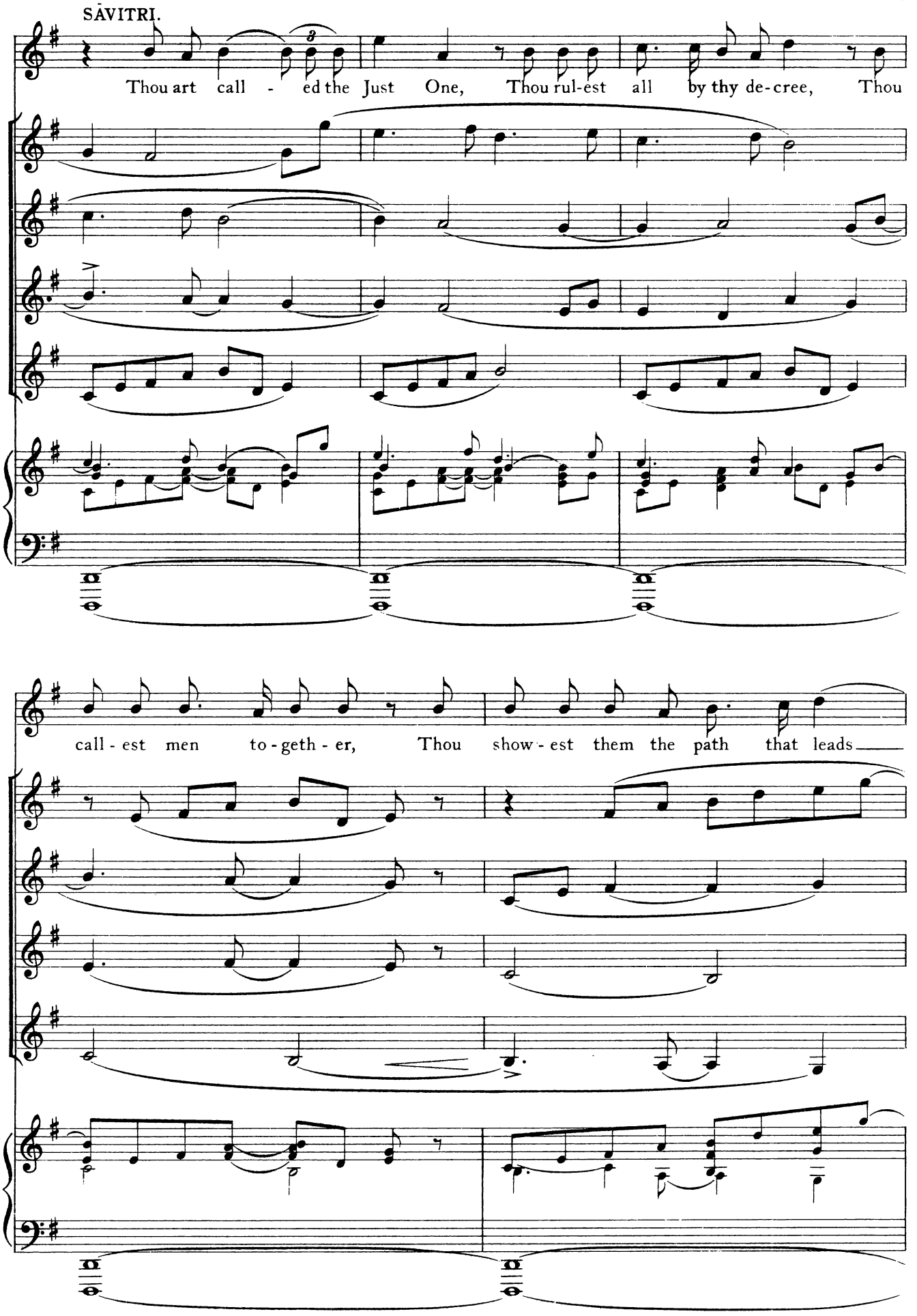
Death is at my heart

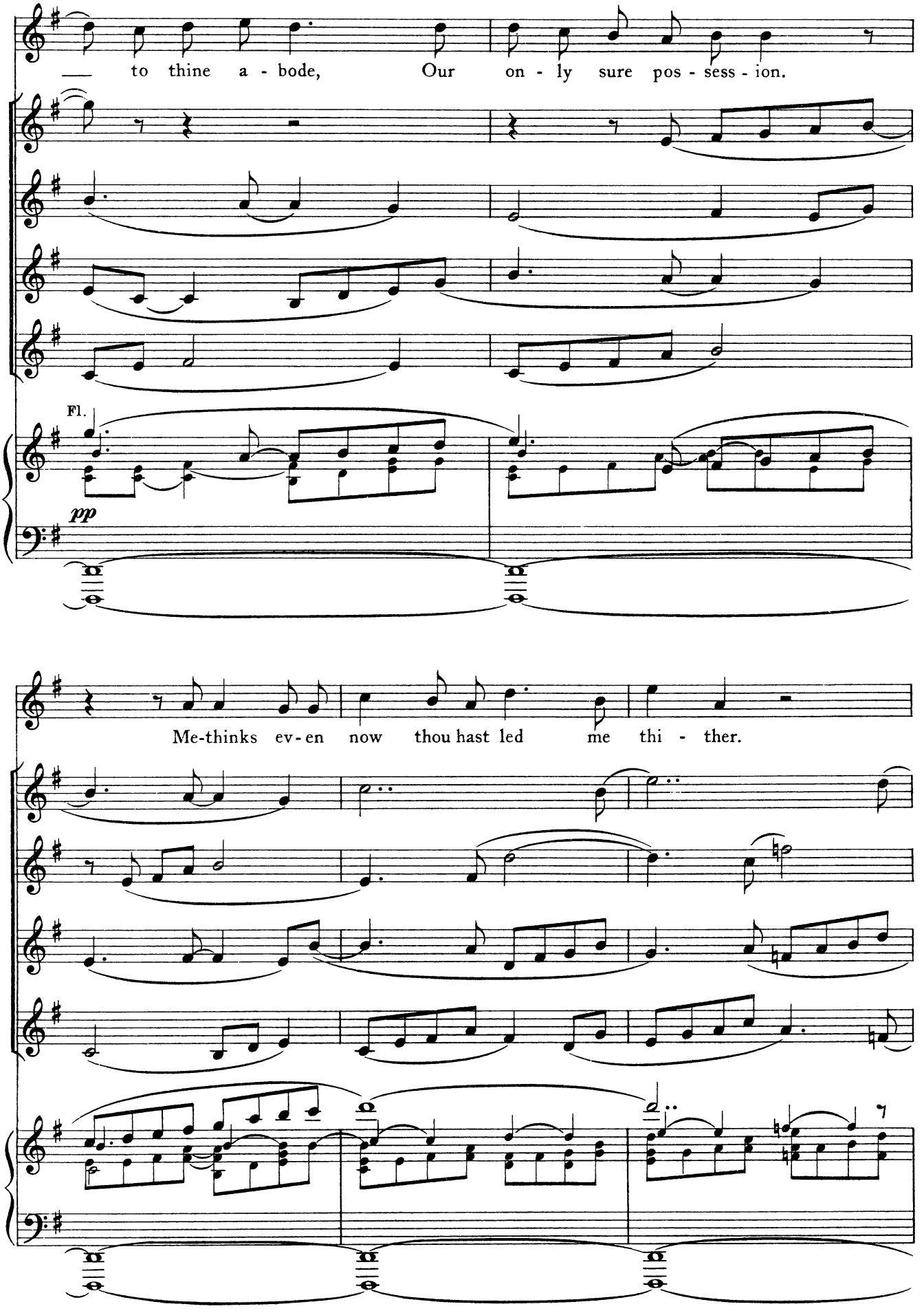
Sā - - vi - tri, I am Death.

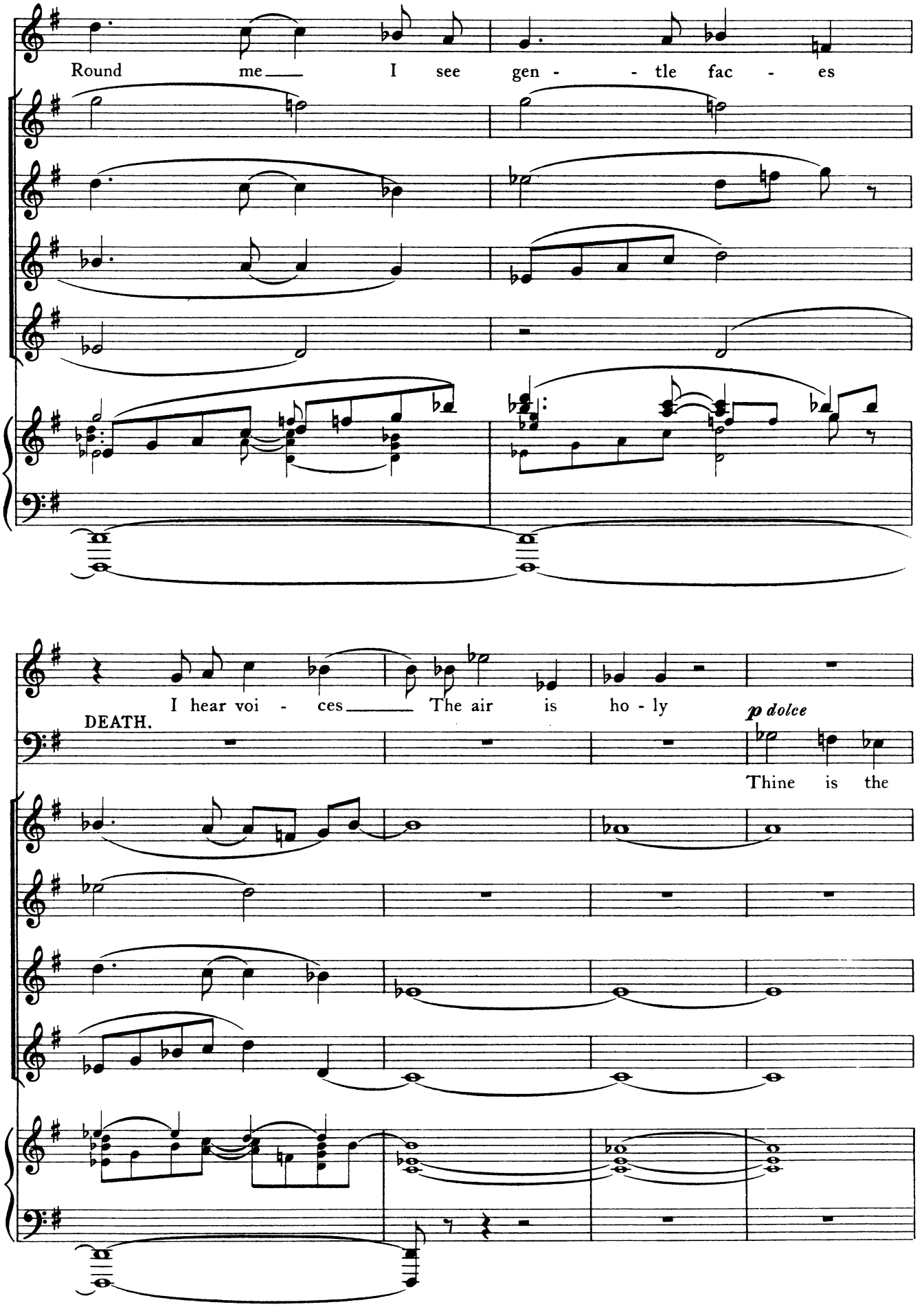
Andante sostenuto.

fff


DEATH.
mf
I am the law tha no man break-eth, I am he who lead-eth men
p
on - ward I am the road that each must tra-vel I am the gate that
XIII
SĀVITRI.
pp dolce
Wel - come Lord,
DEATH.
o - pens for all.
1st TREBLE.
pp
2nd TREBLE.
pp
1st ALTO.
pp
2nd ALTO.
pp
Voices only.
ppp


SĀVITRI.
Thou art call - ed the Just One, Thou rul-est all by thy de-cree, Thou
call - est men to - geth - er, Thou show - est them the path that leads


to thine a - bode, Our on - ly sure pos - sess - ion.
Fl.
pp
Me-thinks ev-en now thou hast led me thi - ther.


Round me I see gen - tle fac - es
I hear voi - ces The air is ho - ly
DEATH.
p dolce
Thine is the

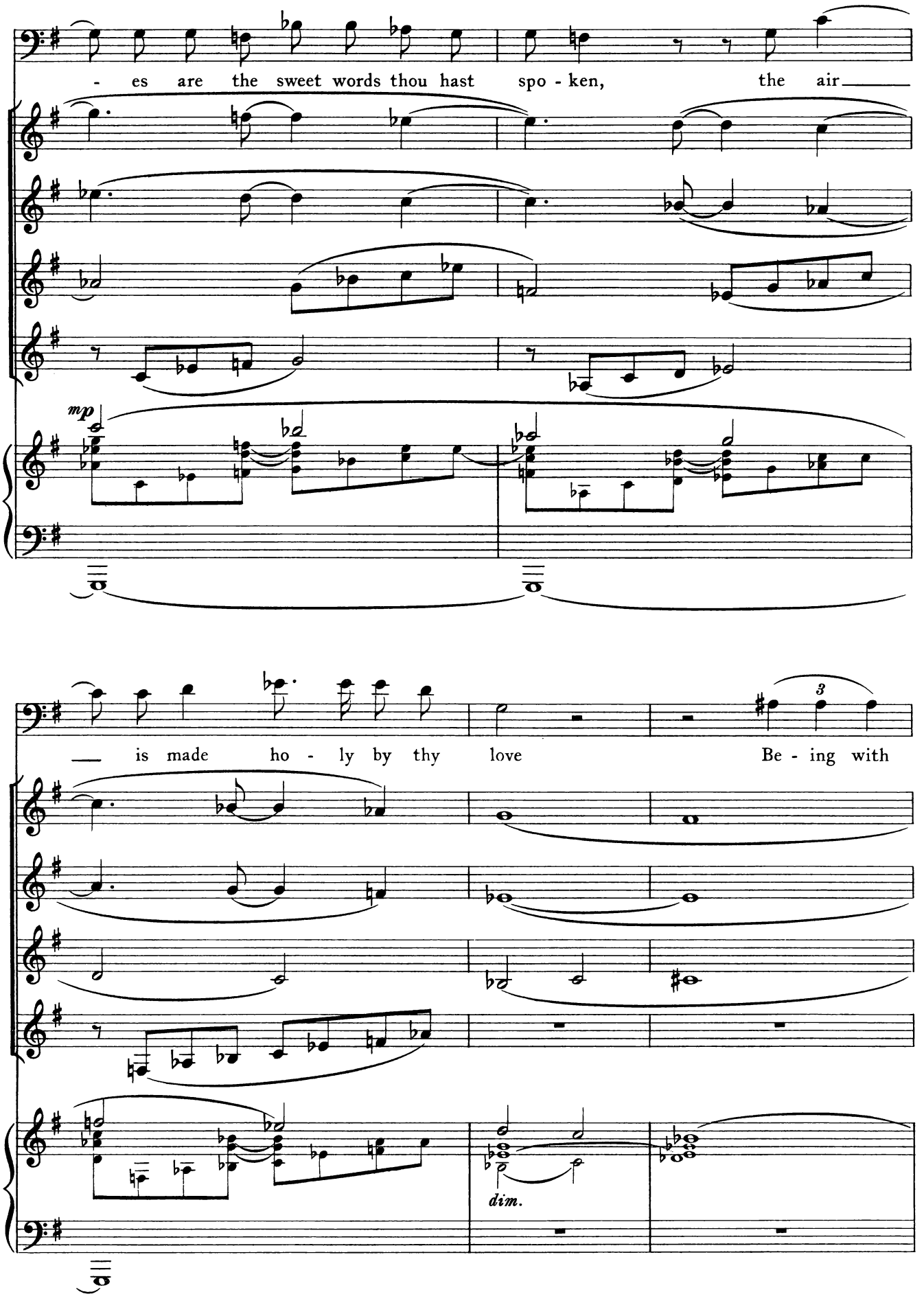
XIV

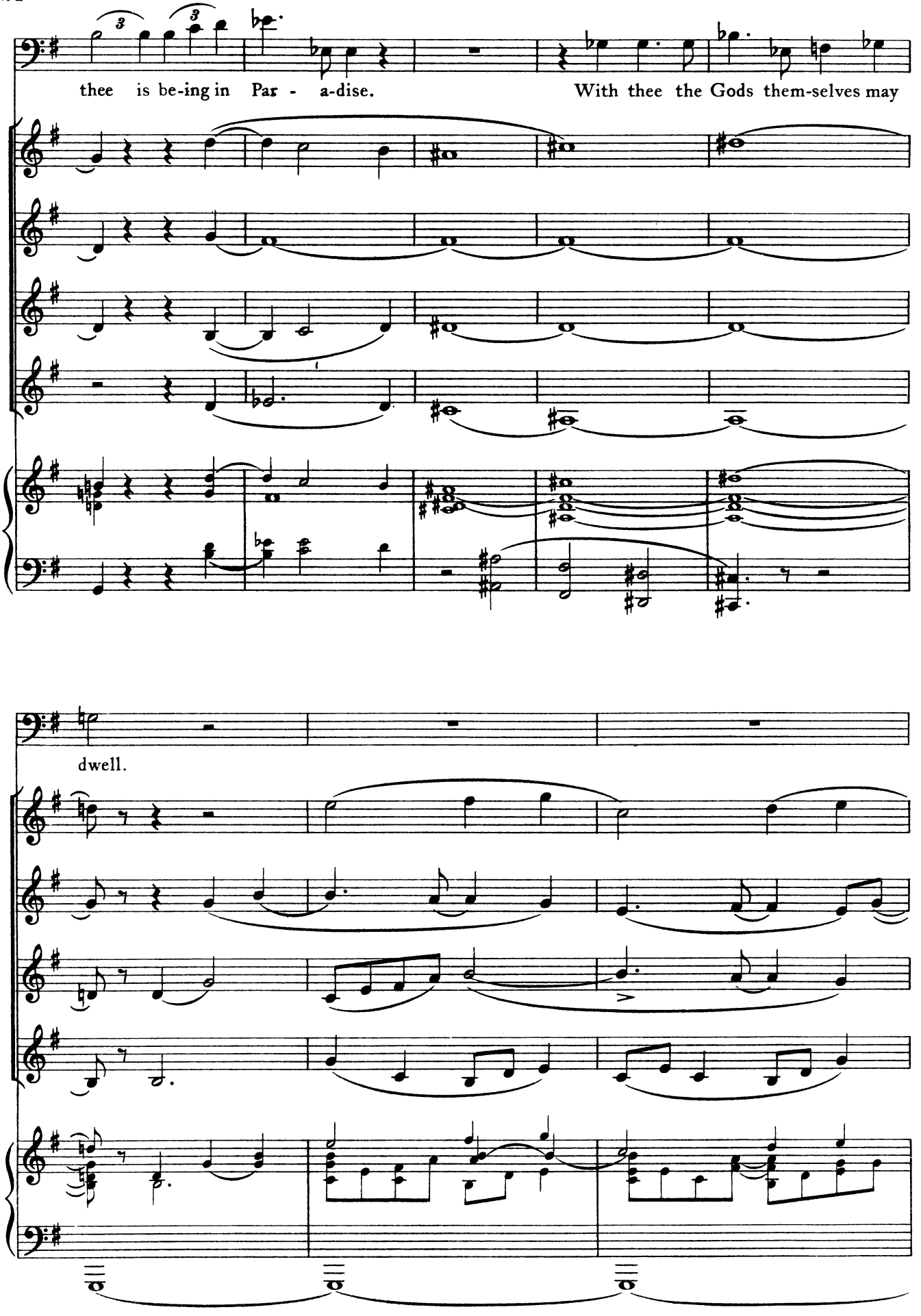
DEATH.

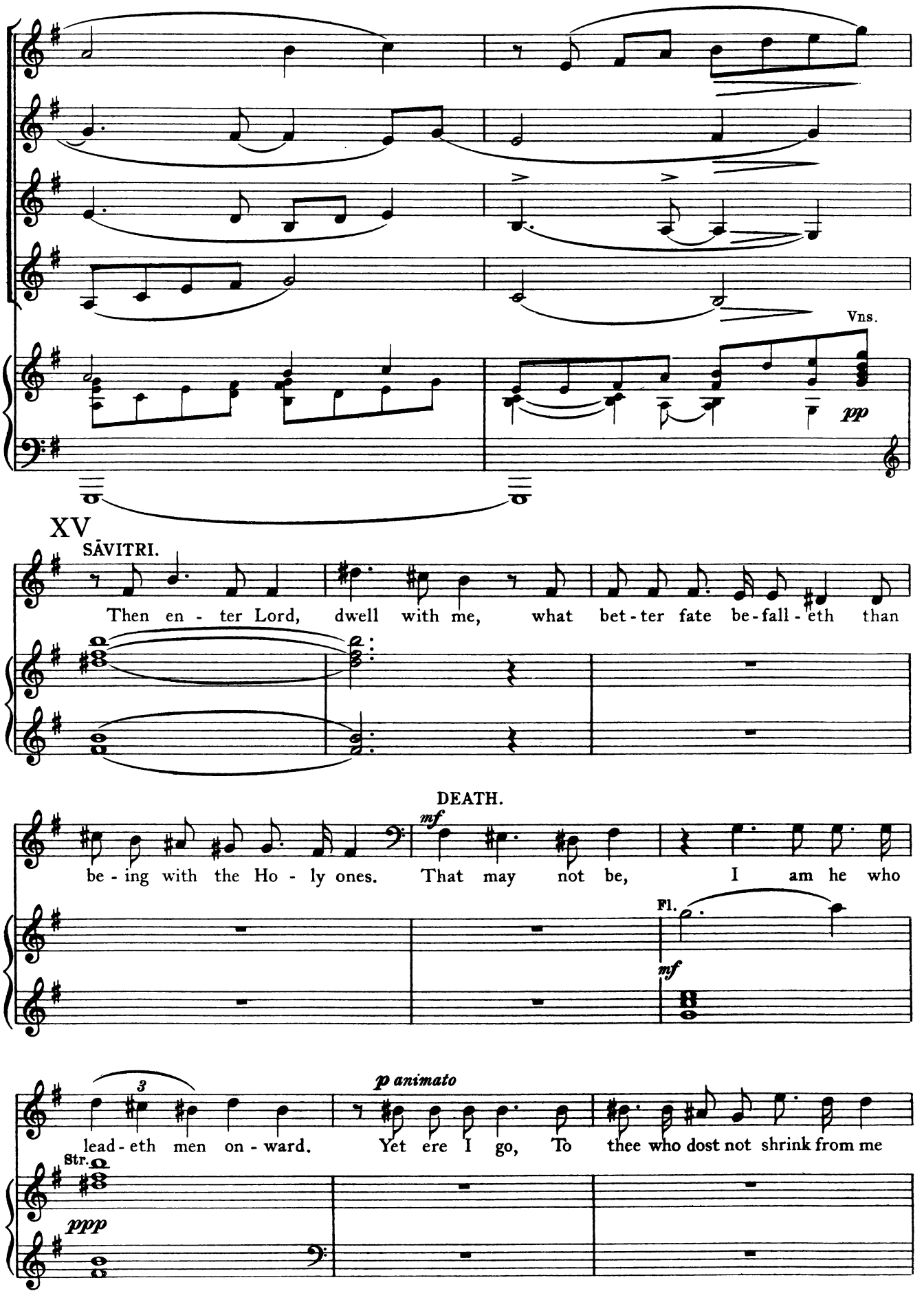
ho - li-ness Thou art en-shroud-ed in thy self The

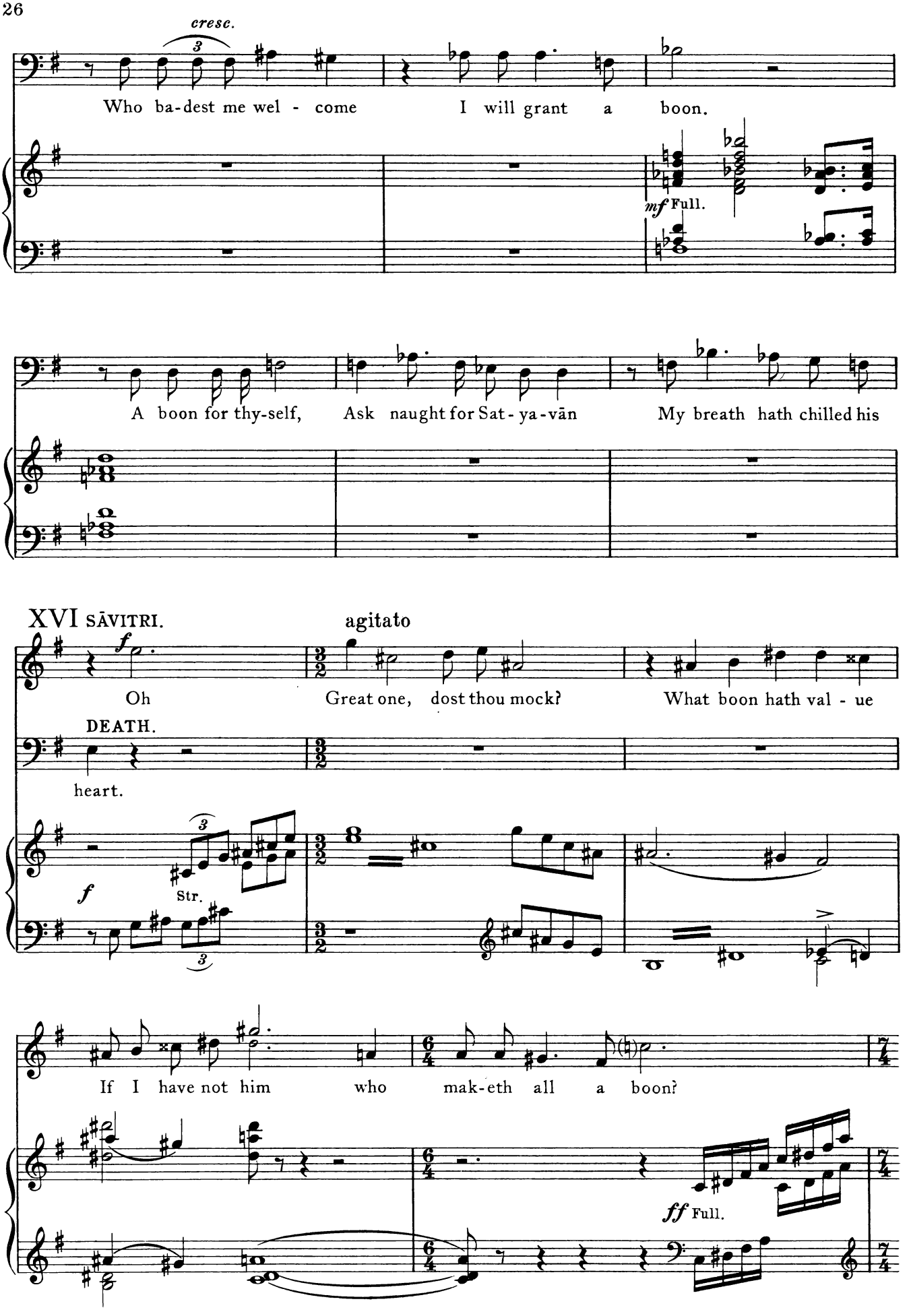
Fl.

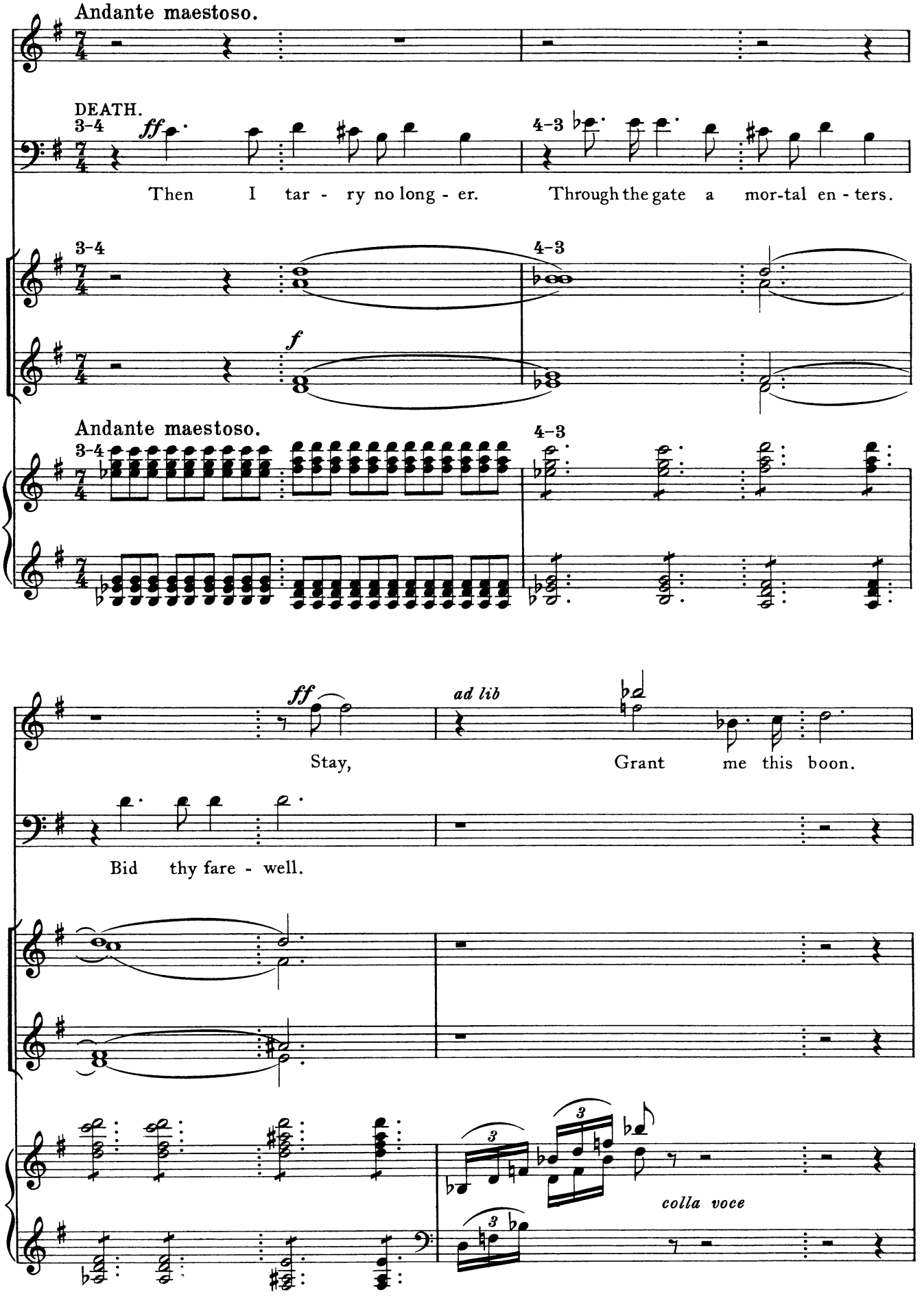
fa - ces are the suf-fer-ers thou hast com - fort-ed, The voic -


- es are the sweet words thou hast spo - ken, the air
mp
is made ho - ly by thy love Be - ing with
3
dim.


thee is be-ing in Par - a-dise. With thee the Gods them-selves may
dwell.

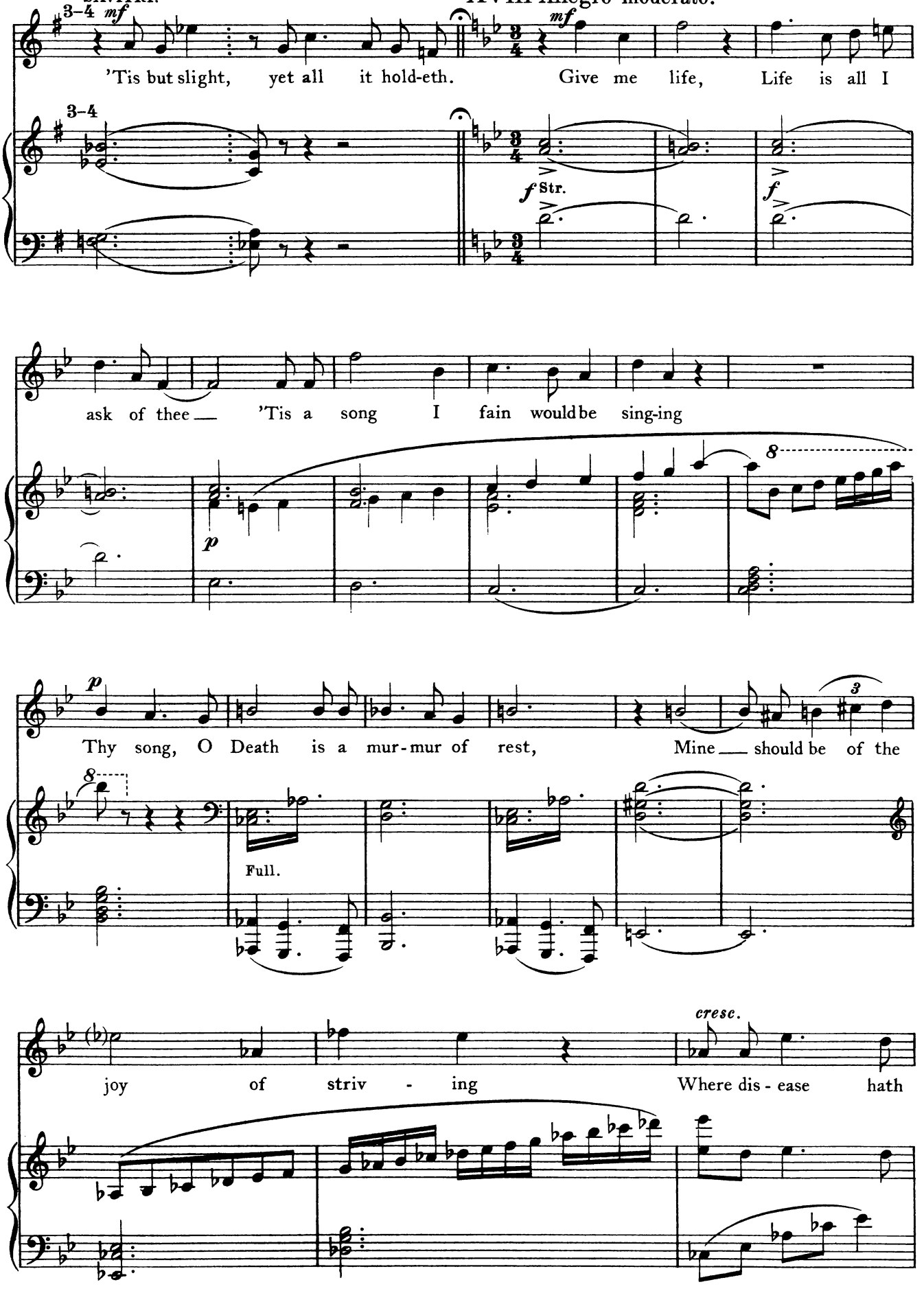

Vns.
pp
XV
SĀVITRI.
Then en - ter Lord, dwell with me, what bet - ter fate be - fall - eth than
DEATH.
mf
be - ing with the Ho - ly ones. That may not be, I am he who
Fl.
mf
3
lead - eth men on - ward.
p animato
Yet ere I go, To thee who dost not shrink from me
Str.
ppp

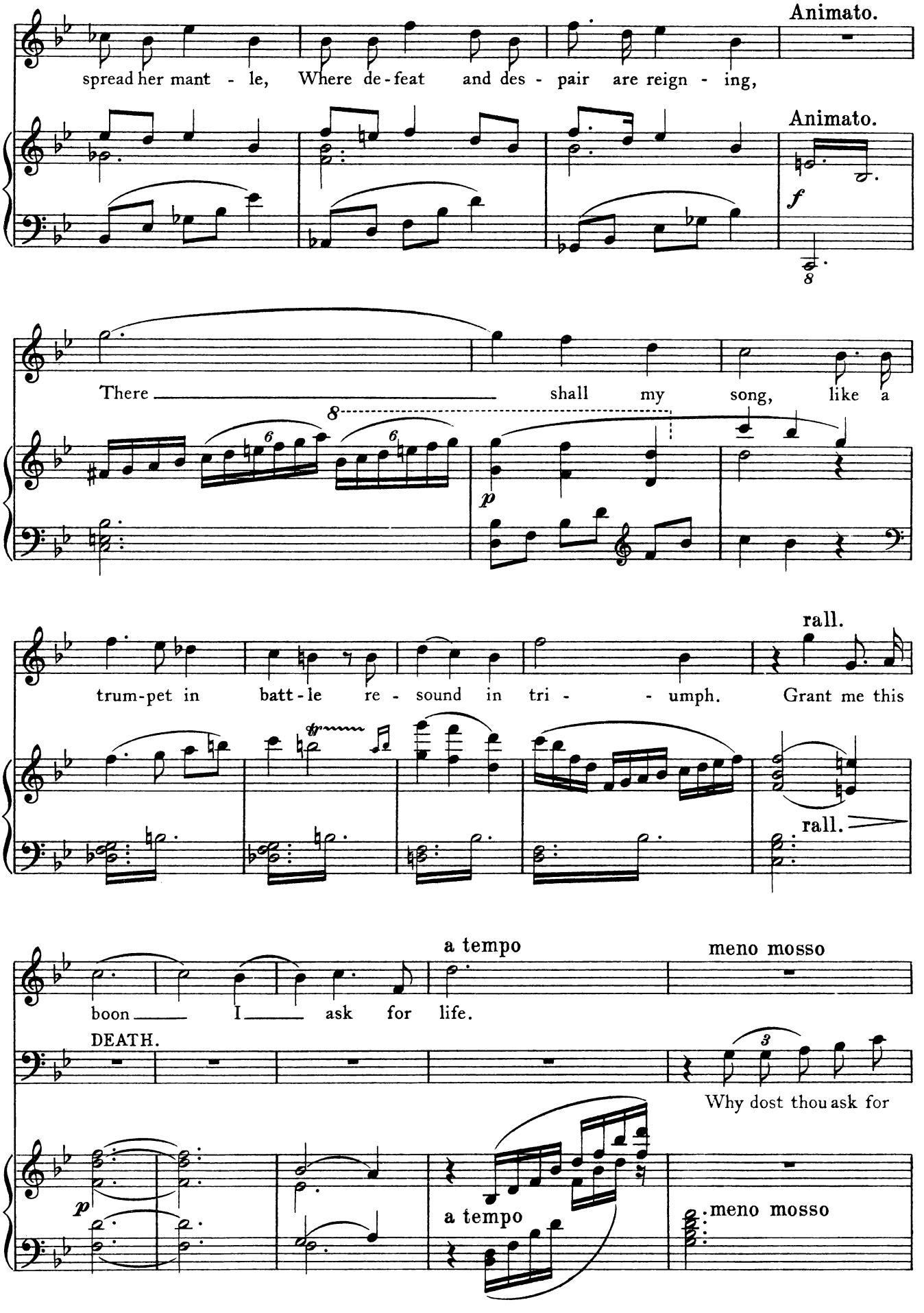

cresc.
Who ba-dest me wel - come I will grant a boon.
mf Full.
A boon for thy-self, Ask naught for Sat-ya-vān My breath hath chilled his
XVI SĀVITRI.
agitato
f
Oh Great one, dost thou mock? What boon hath val - ue
DEATH.
heart.
f
Str.
If I have not him who mak-eth all a boon?
ff Full.

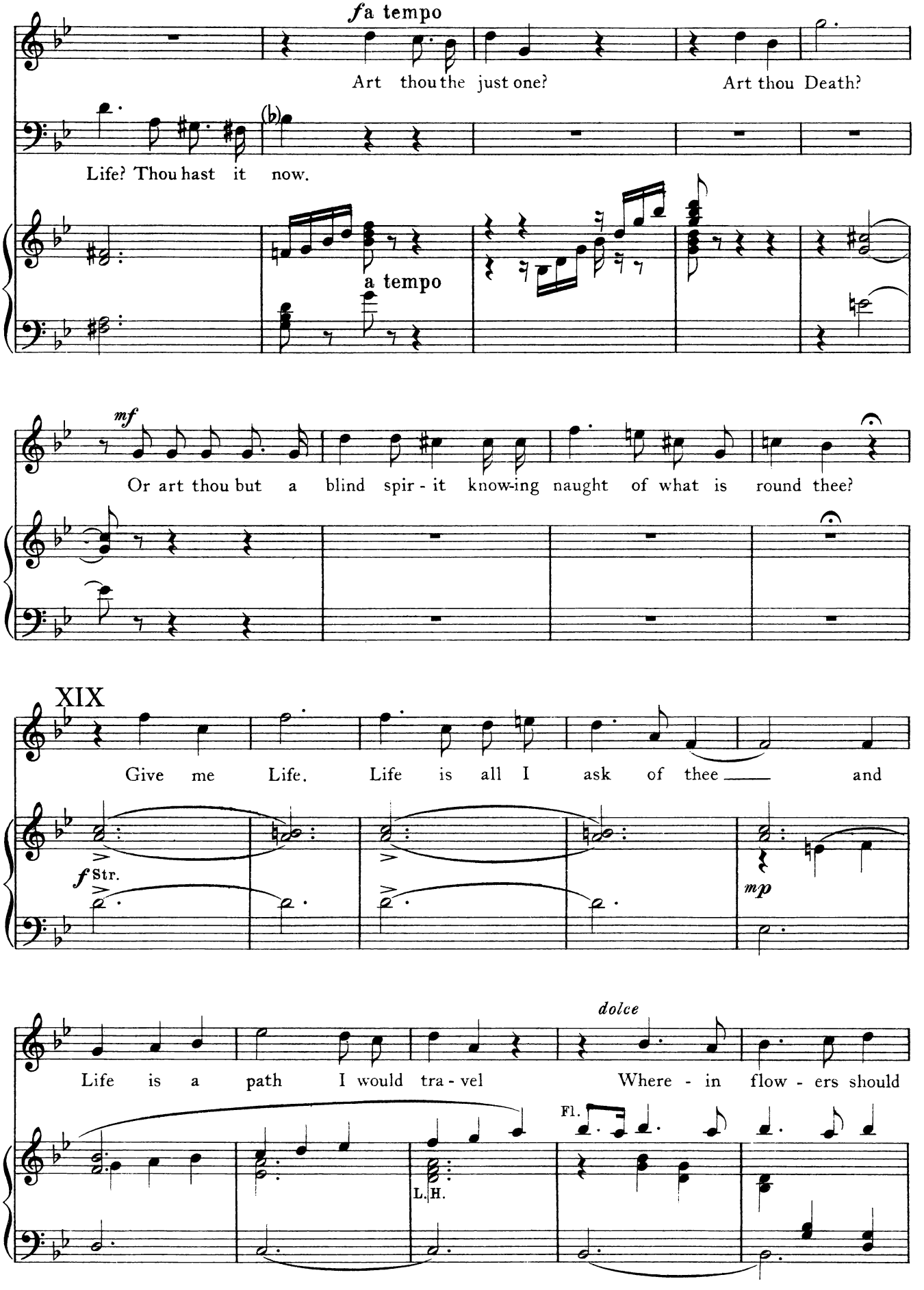

Andante maestoso.
DEATH.
3-4
ff
4-3
Then I tar - ry no long - er.
Through the gate a mor-tal en - ters.
3-4
4-3
f
Andante maestoso.
3-4
4-3
ff
ad lib
Stay,
Grant me this boon.
Bid thy fare - well.
colla voce

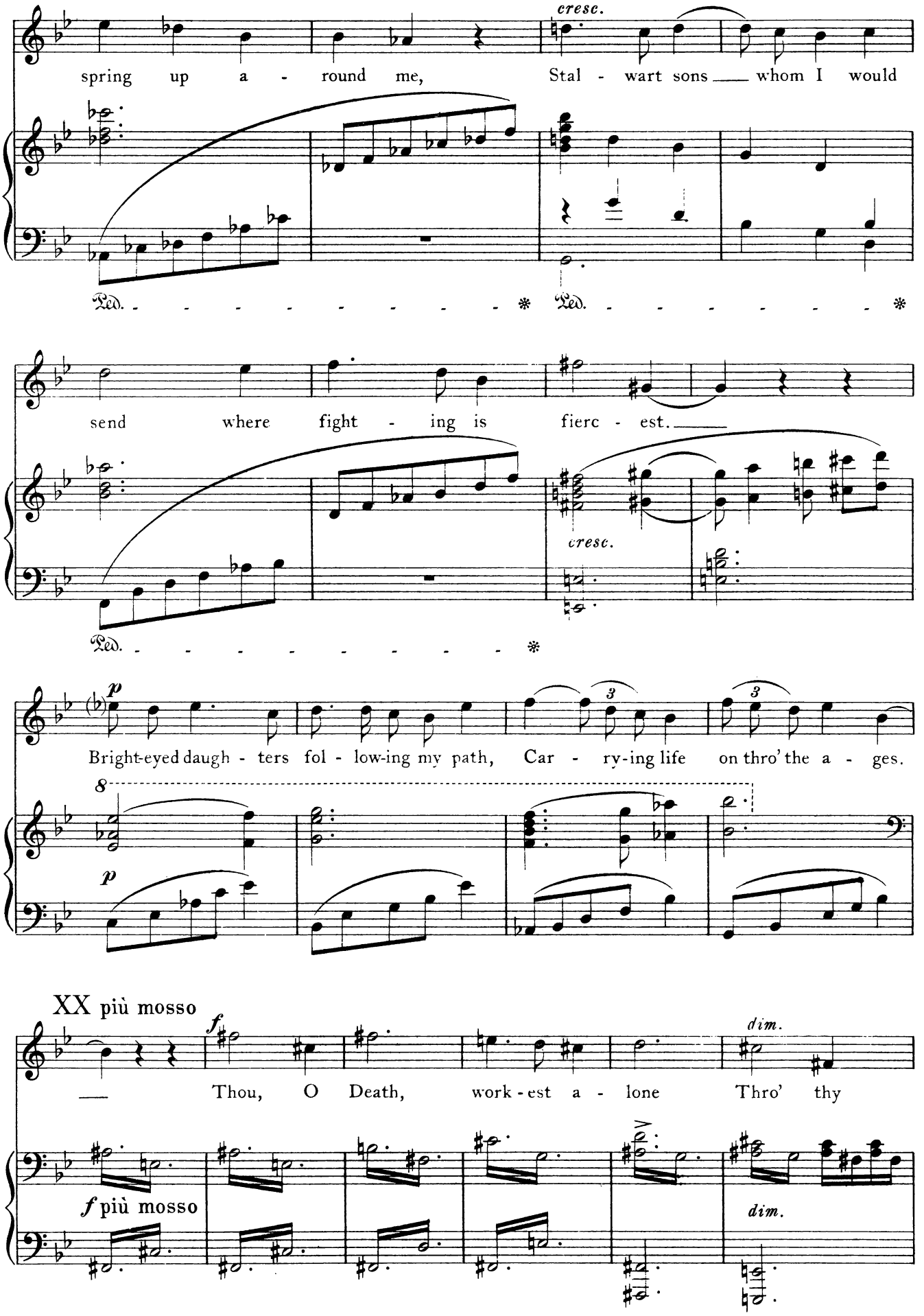
SĀVITRI.

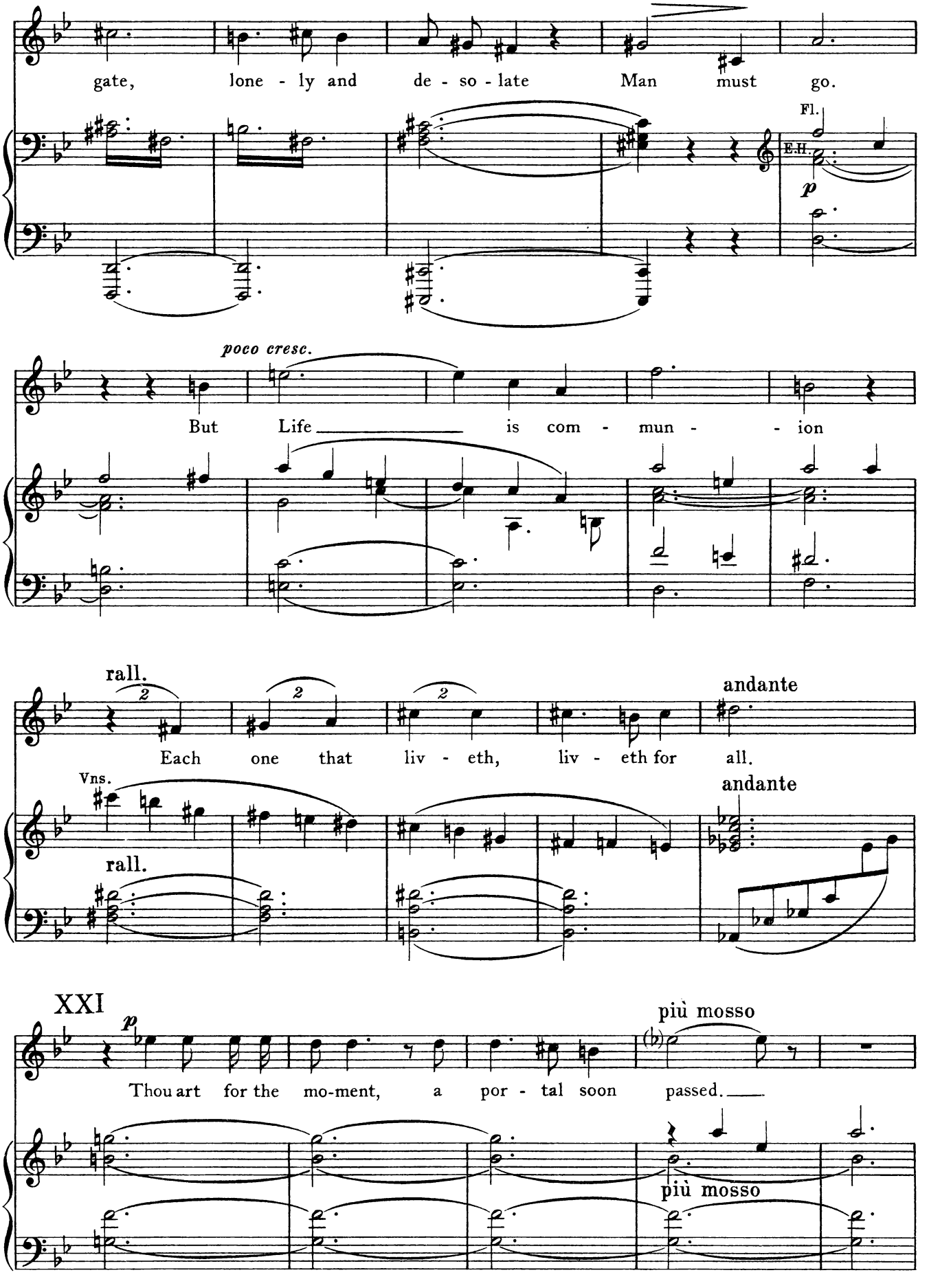
XVIII Allegro moderato.

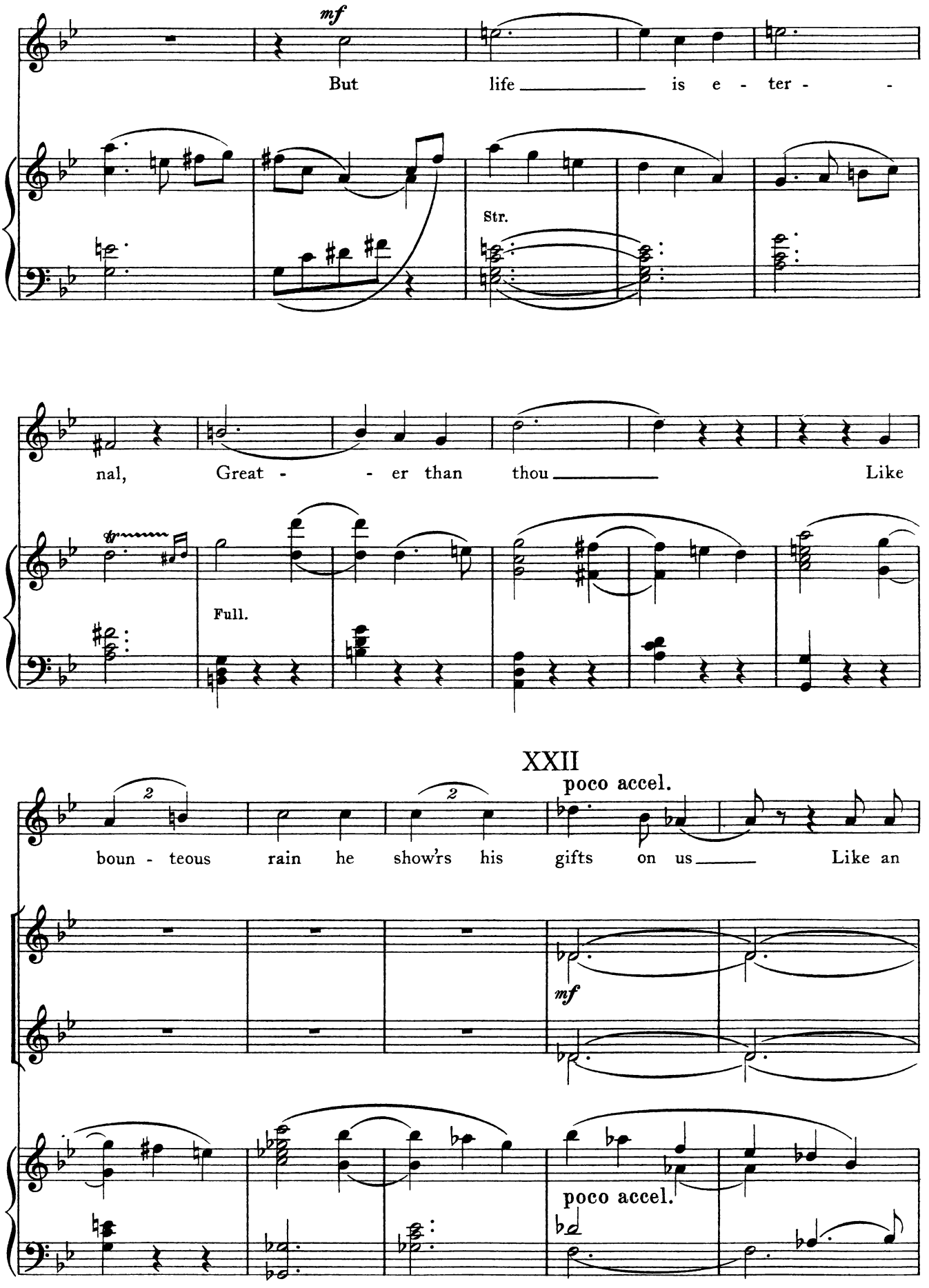


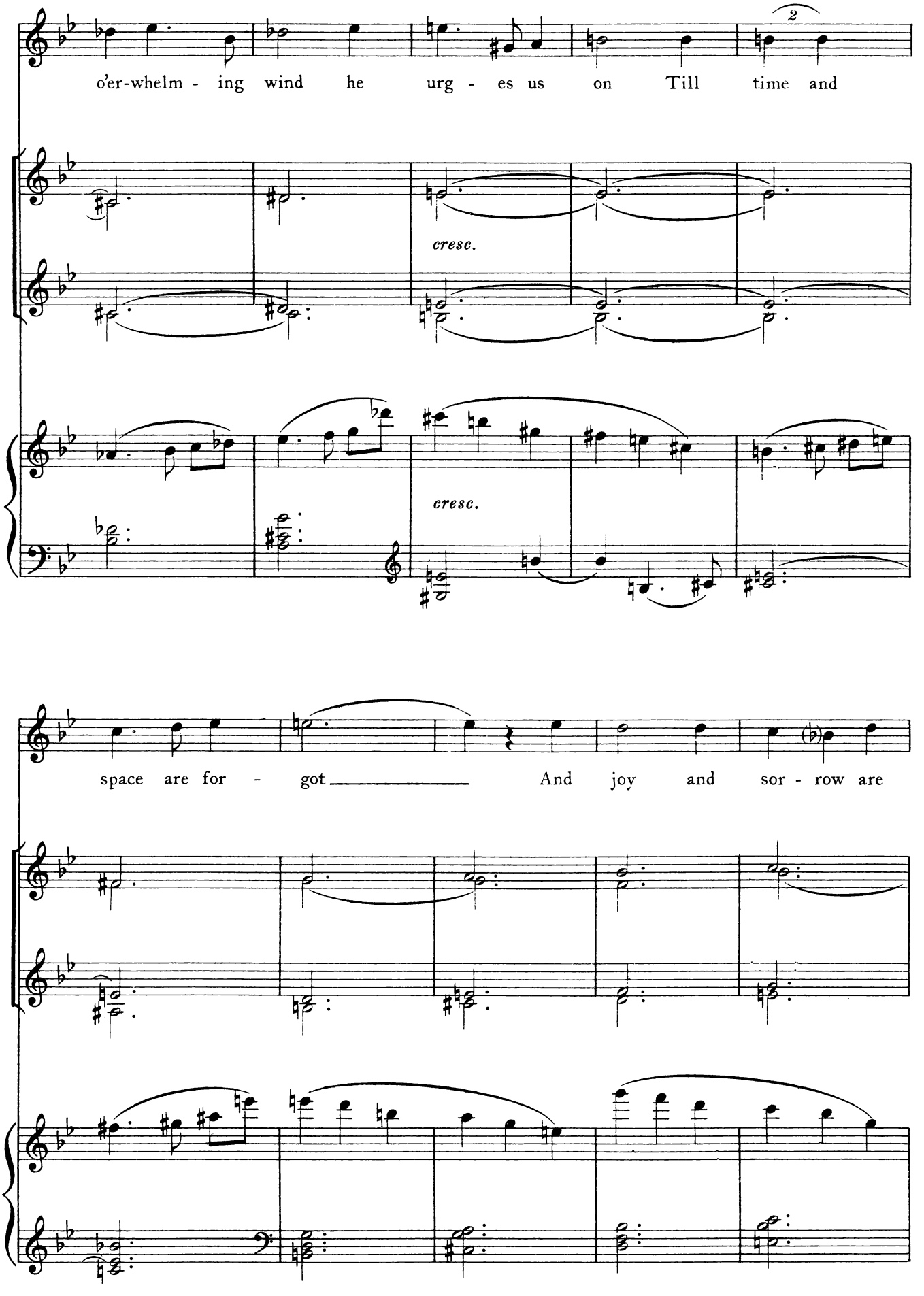

Animato.
spread her mant - le, Where de - feat and des - pair are reign - ing,
Animato.
f
There shall my song, like a
p
rall.
trum-pet in batt - le re - sound in tri - umph. Grant me this
rall.
a tempo
meno mosso
boon I ask for life.
DEATH.
Why dost thou ask for
p
a tempo
meno mosso


f a tempo
Art thou the just one?
Art thou Death?
Life? Thou hast it now.
a tempo
mf
Or art thou but a blind spir - it know-ing naught of what is round thee?
XIX
Give me Life. Life is all I ask of thee and
f Str.
mp
dolce
Life is a path I would tra - vel Where - in flow - ers should
Fl.
L. H.


cresc.
spring up a - round me, Stal - wart sons whom I would
Ped. * Ped. *
send where fight - ing is fierc - est.
cresc.
Ped. *
p
Bright-eyed daugh - ters fol - low-ing my path, Car - ry-ing life on thro' the a - ges.
8
p
XX più mosso
f
dim.
Thou, O Death, work - est a - lone Thro' thy
f più mosso
dim.


gate, lone - ly and de - so - late Man must go.
Fl.
E.H.
p
poco cresc.
But Life is com - mun - ion
rall.
andante
Each one that liv - eth, liv - eth for all.
Vns.
rall.
andante
XXI
p
più mosso
Thou art for the mo-ment, a por - tal soon passed.
più mosso


mf
But life is e - ter -
Str.
nal, Great - - er than thou Like
Full.
XXII
poco accel.
boun - teous rain he show'rs his gifts on us Like an
mf
poco accel.


o'er-whelm - ing wind he urg - es us on Till time and
cresc.
cresc.
space are for - got And joy and sor - row are

rall.

XXIII Andante.

one

ff

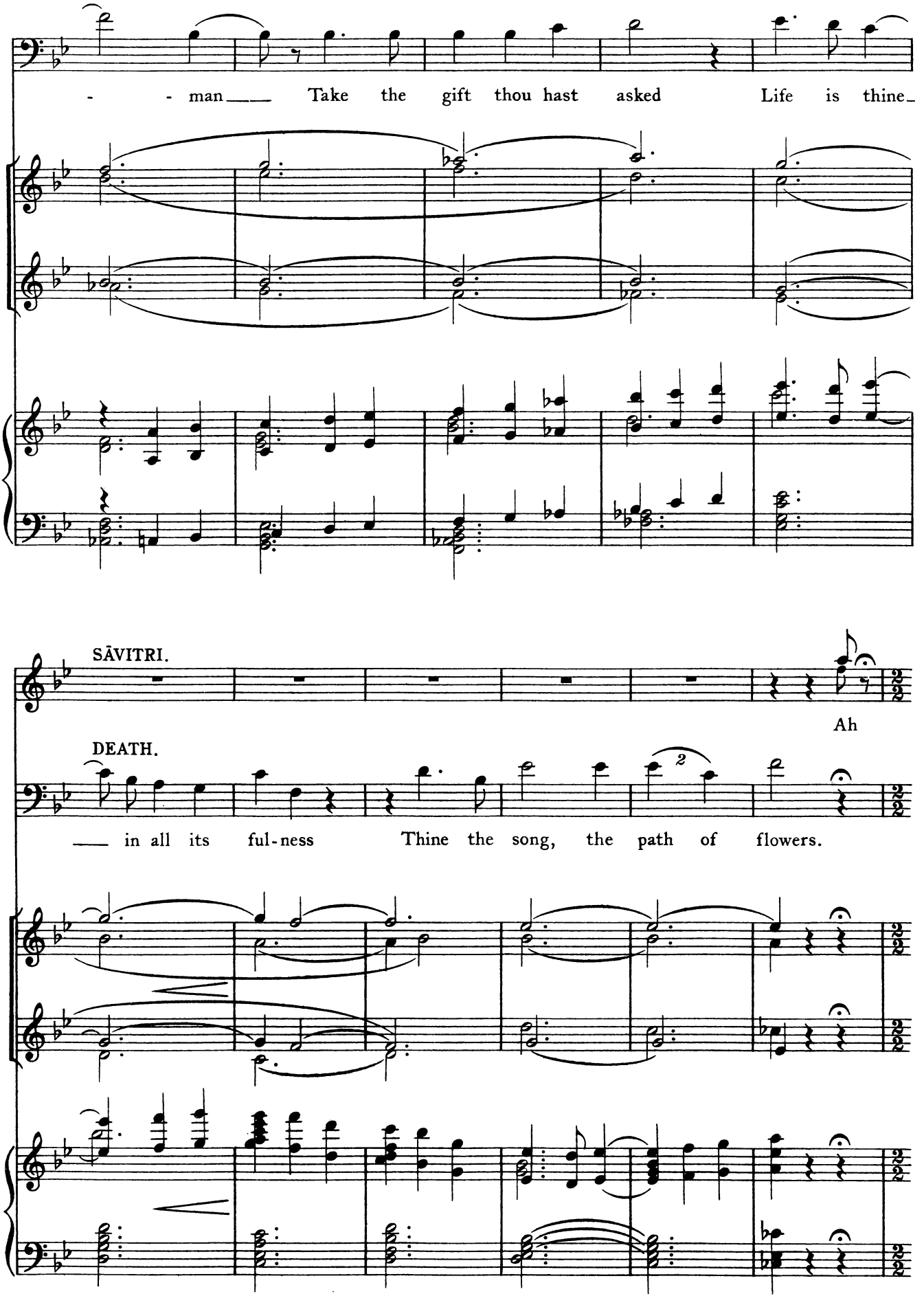
rall.

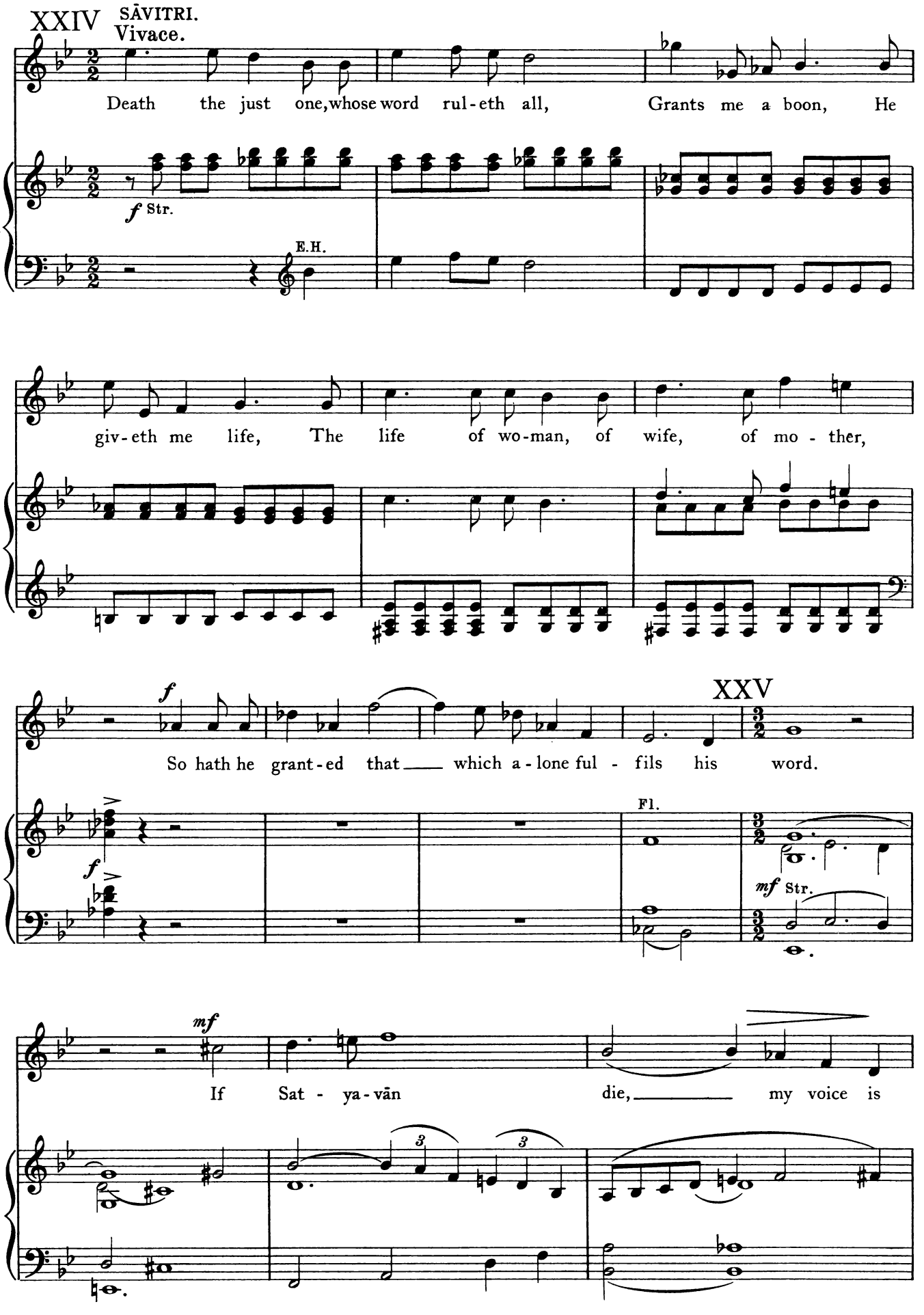
ff Andante.

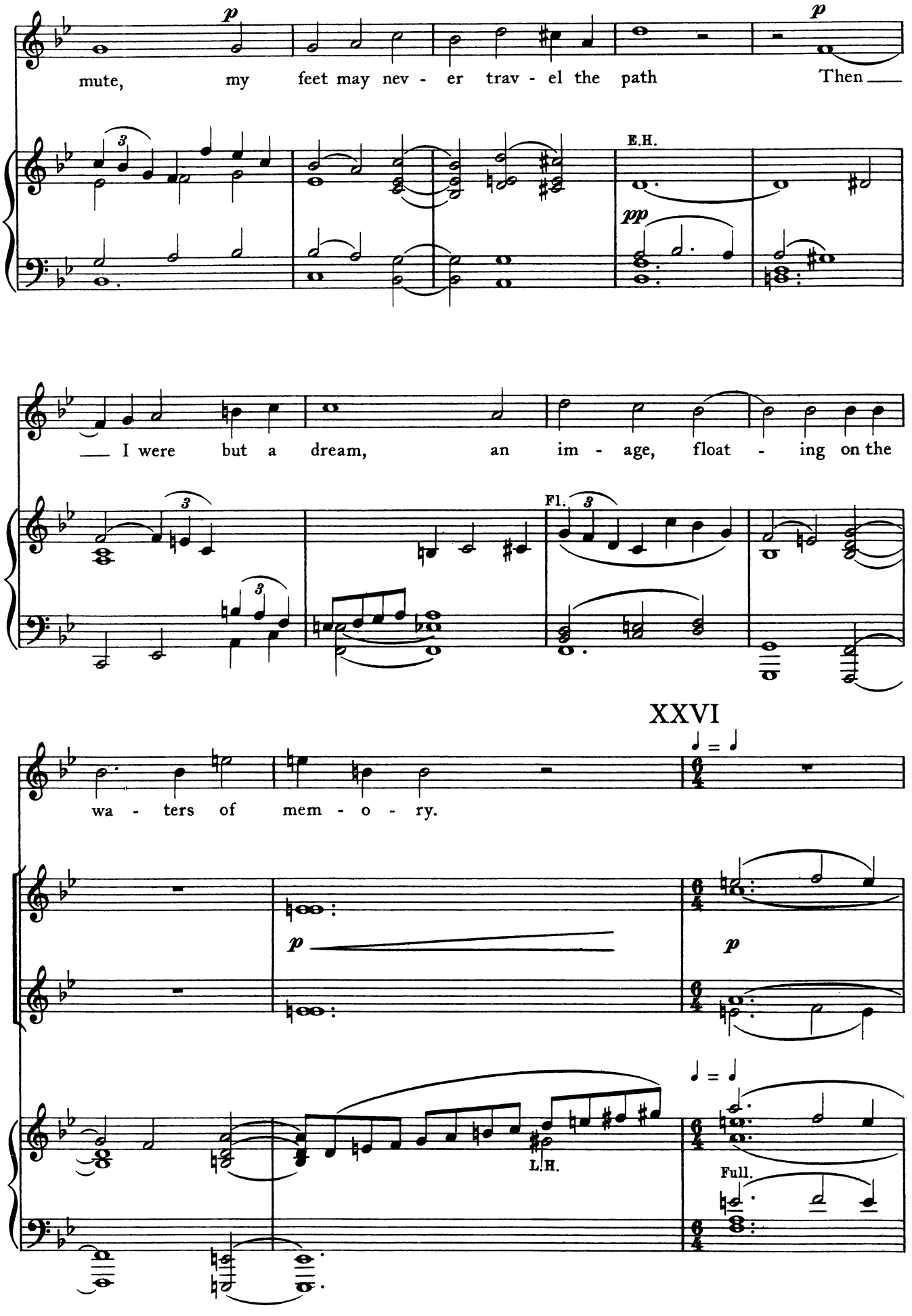
DEATH.

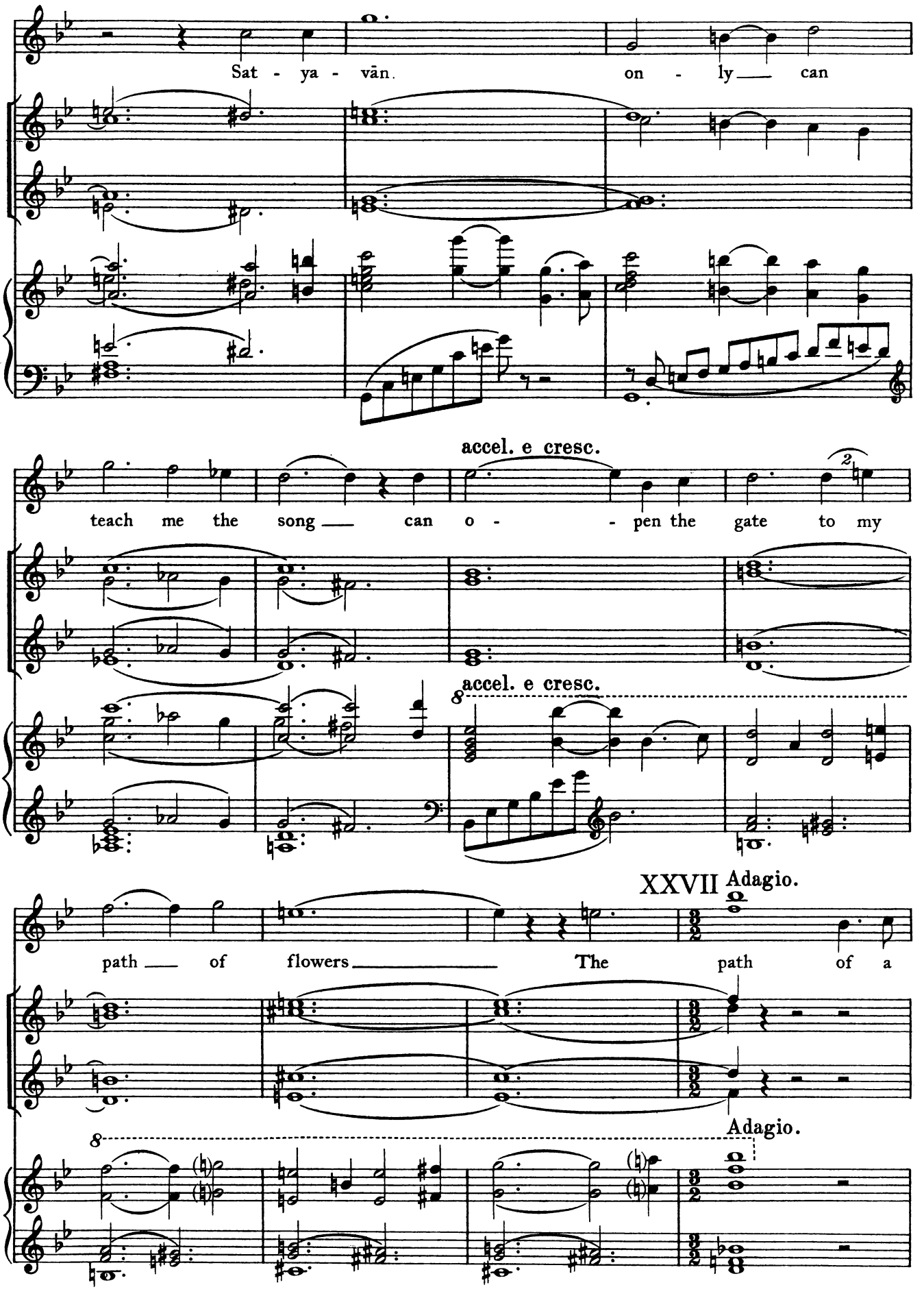
f

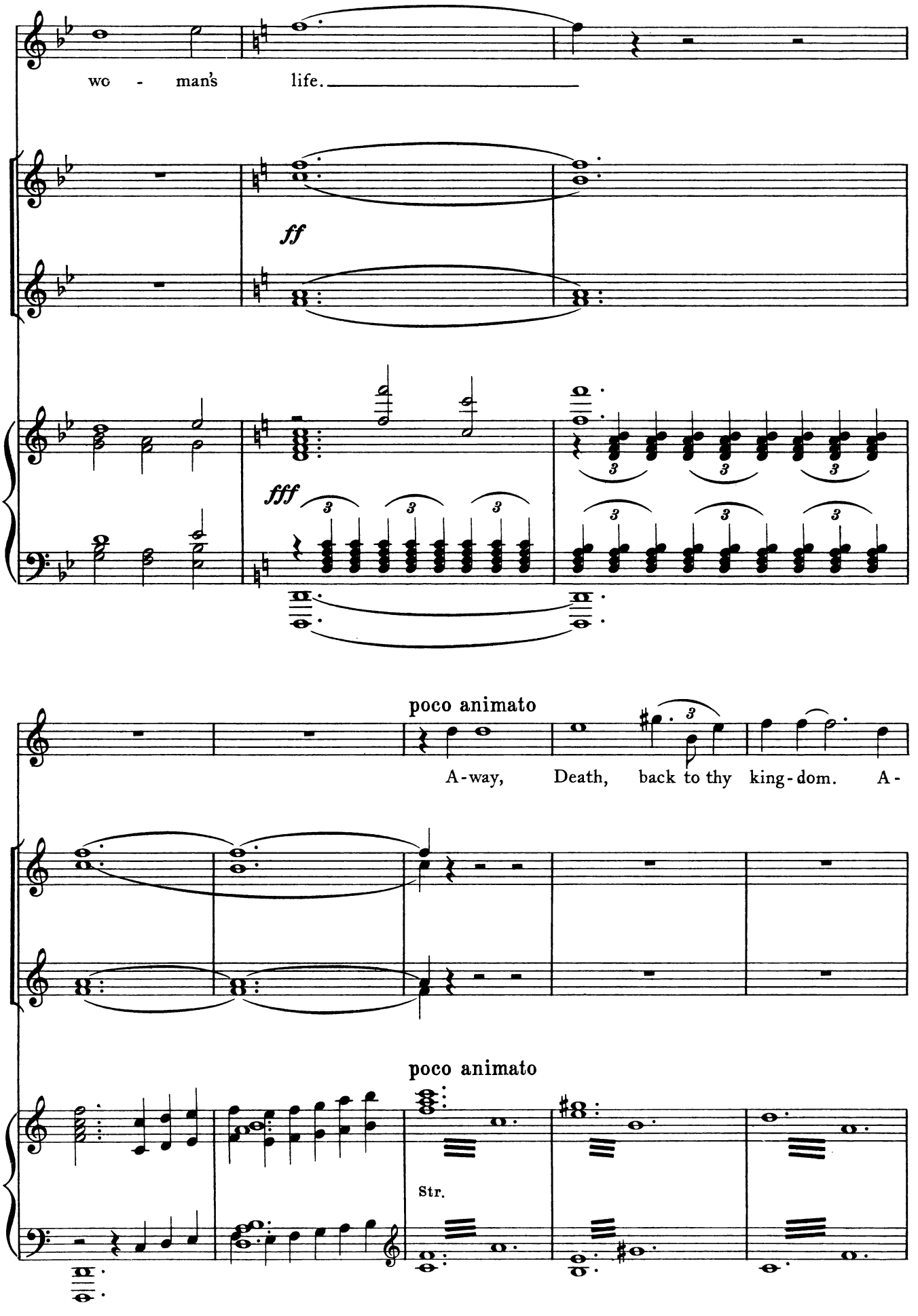
Sā - - vi - tri glo - ri - ous wo - - - - -


- - man___ Take the gift thou hast asked Life is thine_
SĀVITRI.
Ah
DEATH.
___ in all its ful-ness Thine the song, the path of flowers.


XXIV
SĀVITRI.
Vivace.
Death the just one, whose word rul-eth all, Grants me a boon, He
f Str.
E.H.
giv-eth me life, The life of wo-man, of wife, of mo - ther,
f
XXV
So hath he grant-ed that which a-lone ful - fils his word.
f
Fl.
mf Str.
mf
If Sat - ya-vān die, my voice is


p
mute, my feet may nev - er trav - el the path
p
Then
E.H.
pp
I were but a dream, an im - age, float - ing on the
Fl.
XXVI
wa - ters of mem - o - ry.
p
p
L.H.
Full.


Sat - ya - vān.
on - ly can
accel. e cresc.
teach me the song can o - - pen the gate to my
accel. e cresc.
XXVII Adagio.
path of flowers The path of a
Adagio.


wo - man's life.
ff
fff
poco animato
A-way, Death, back to thy king-dom. A-
poco animato
Str.

XXVIII

- lone must thou tra - vel True to thy word.

mf

mf

(DEATH slowly draws back and disappears.)

f *sempre dim.*

f *sempre dim.*

f *sempre dim.*

f *sempre dim.*

sempre dim.

(SĀVITRI goes towards SATYAVĀN.)

p

p

p

Fl.

Voices.

Va.

Cel.

Str.

pp

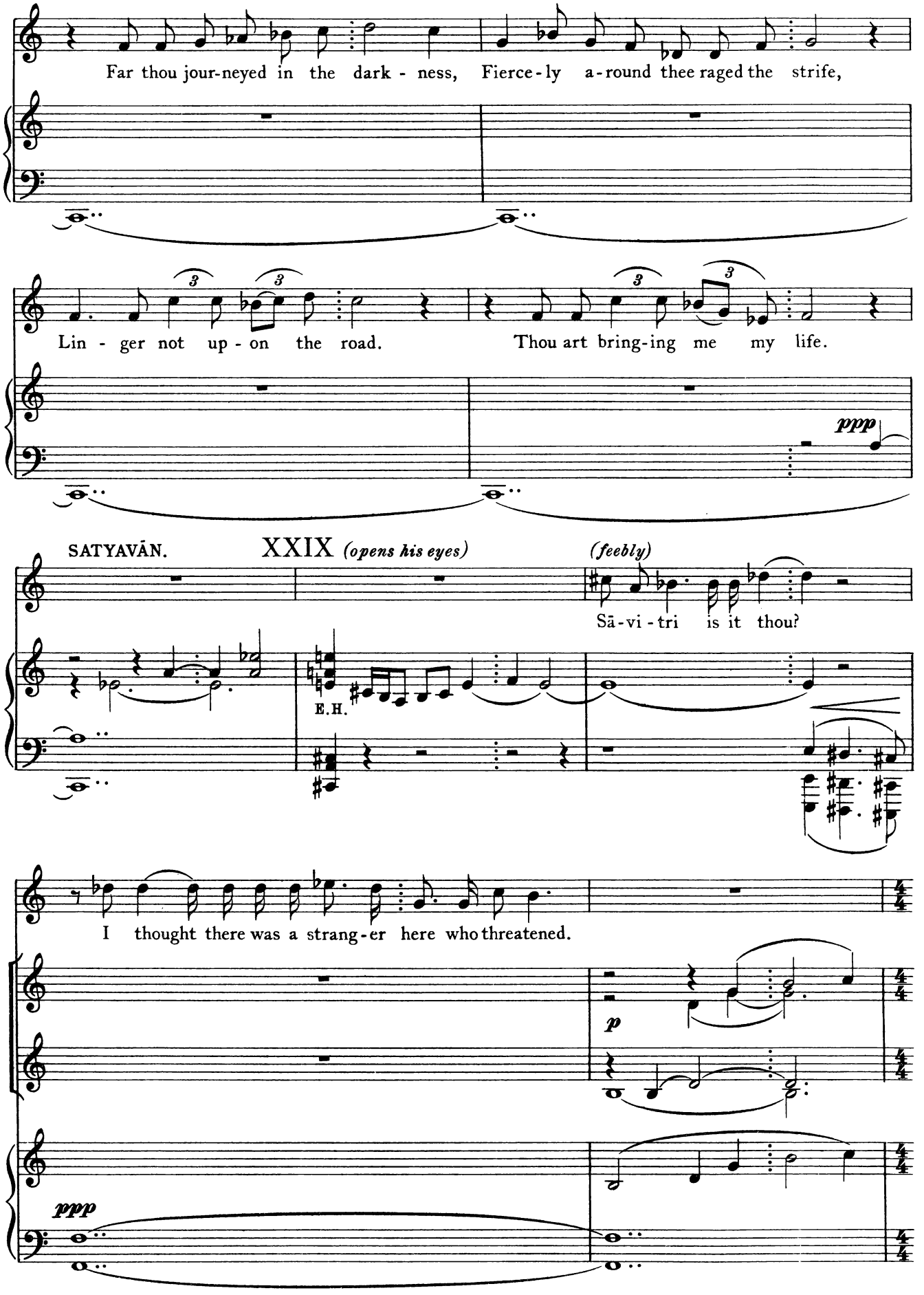
SĀVITRI *(bending over SATYAVĀN.)*

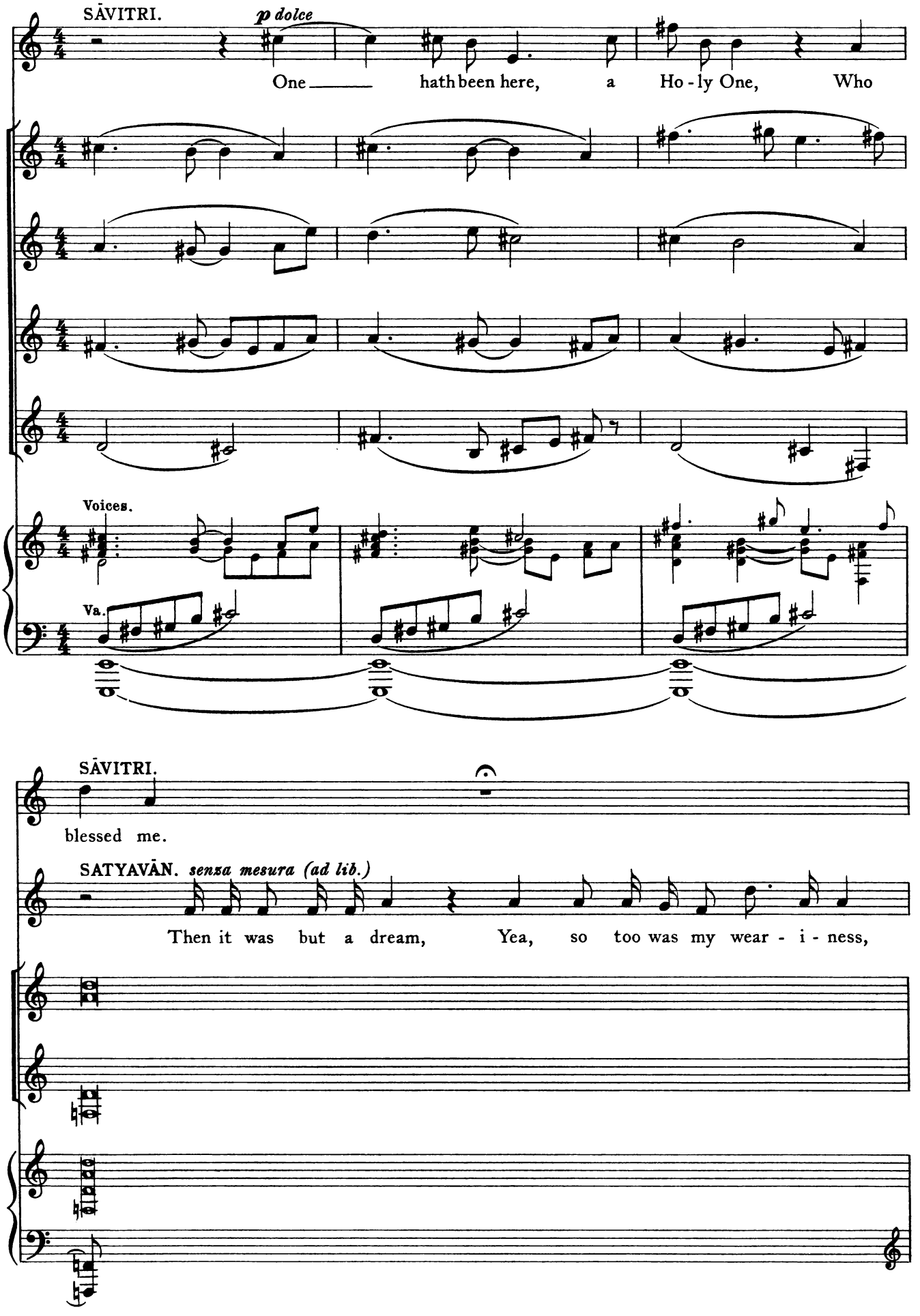
Allegro moderato.

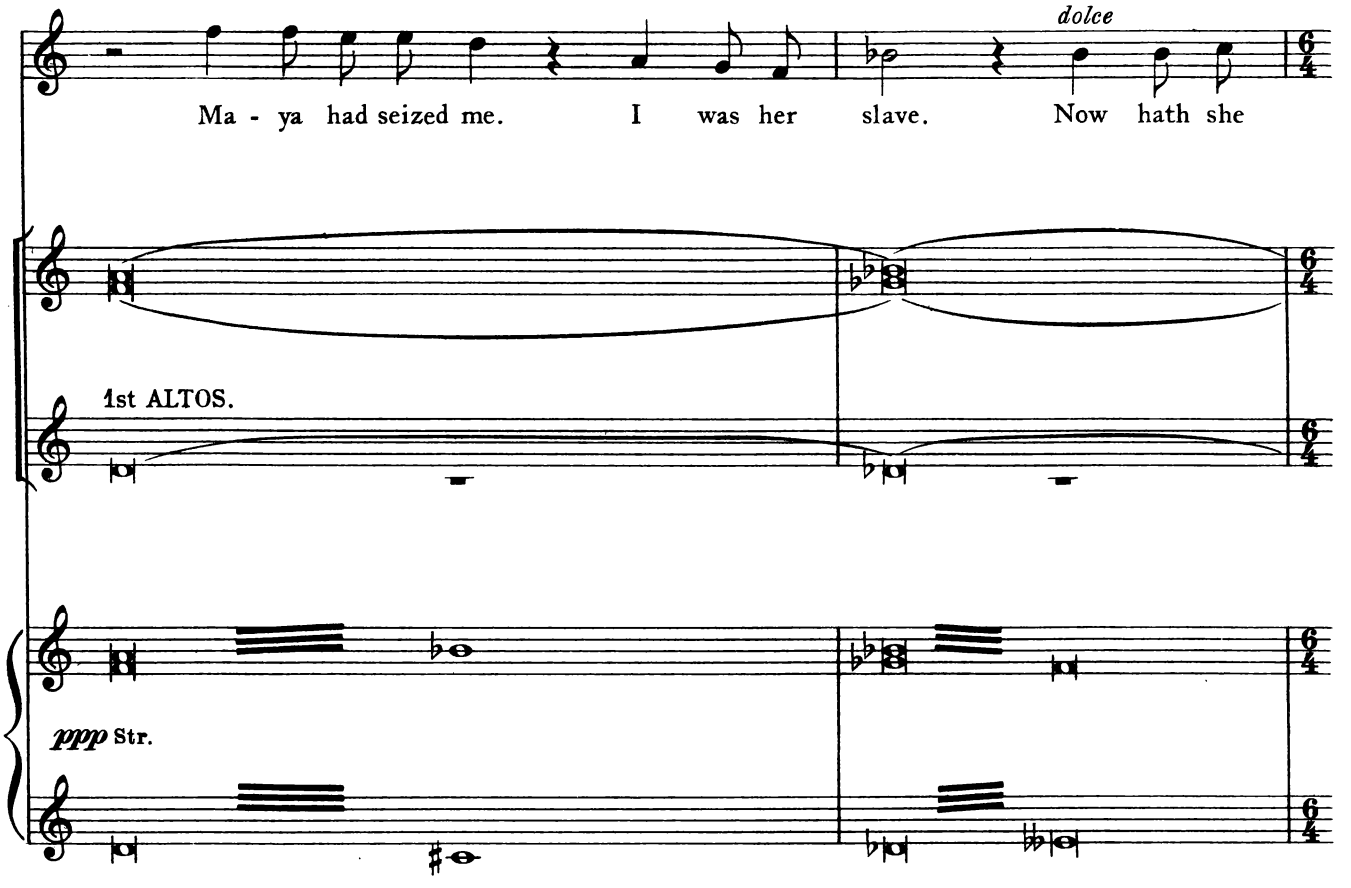
pp

Lone-li-ness and pain are end - ed Wak - en once more to home and wife

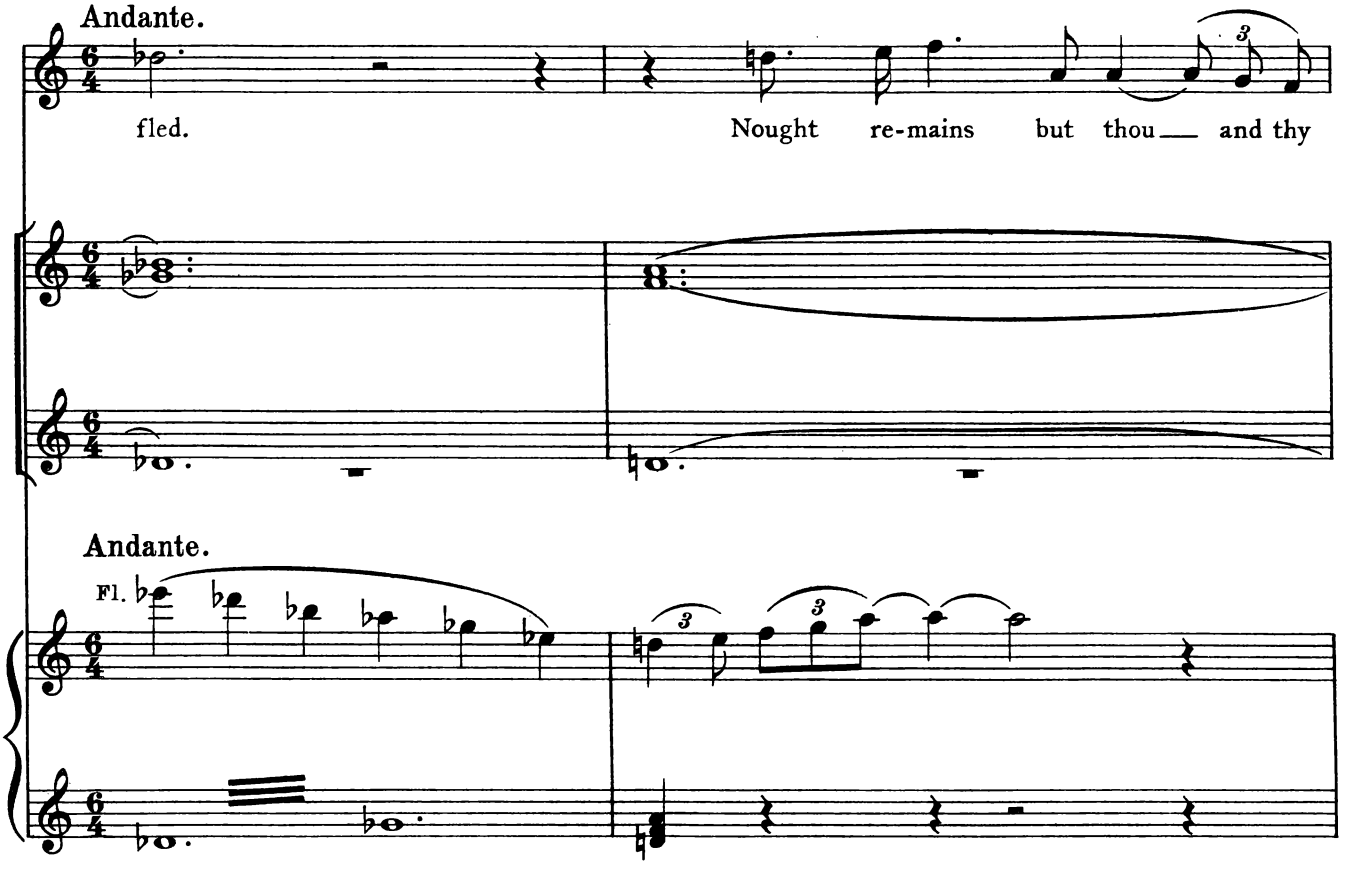
pp

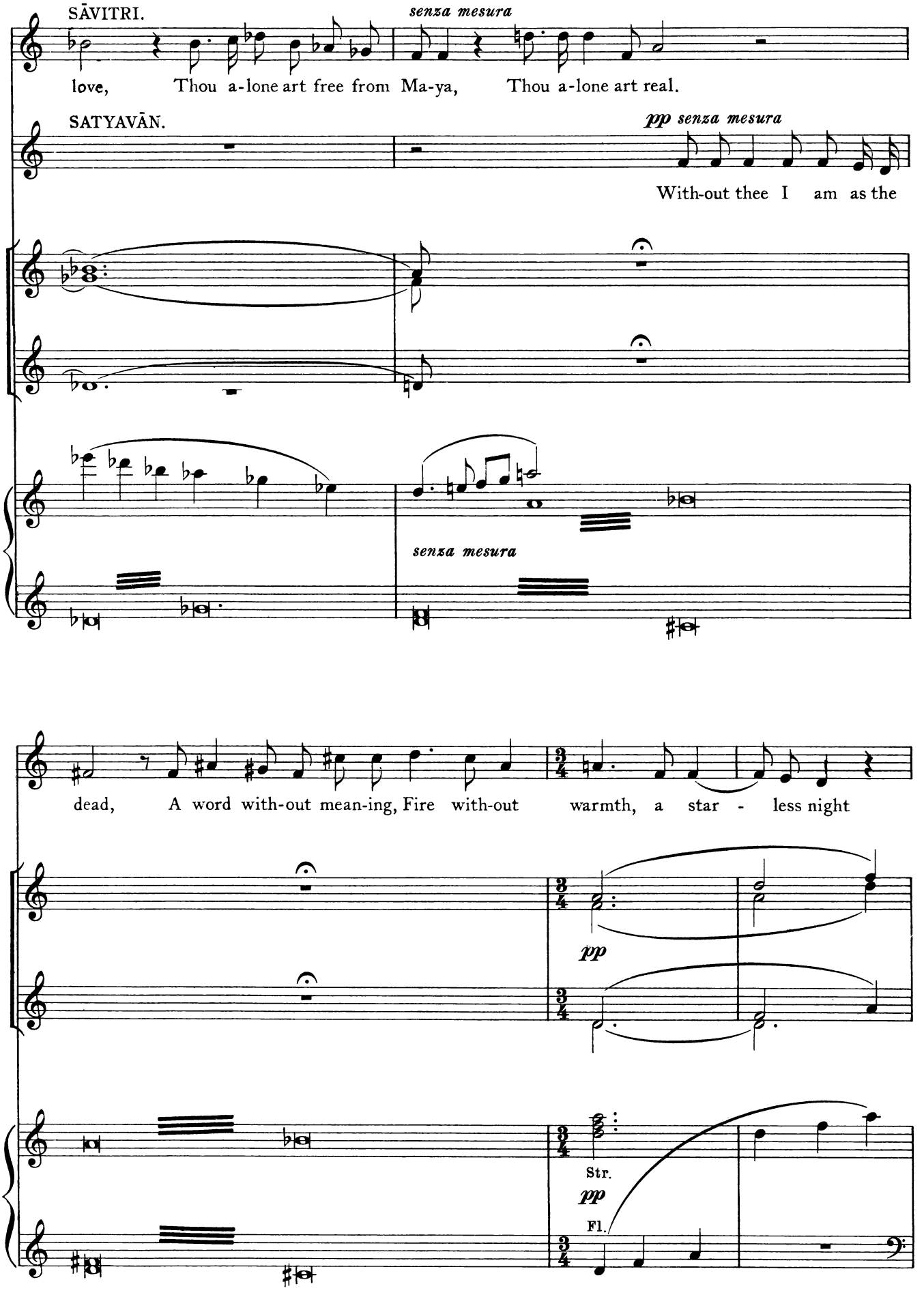

Far thou jour-neyed in the dark - ness, Fierce-ly a-round thee raged the strife,
Lin - ger not up - on the road. Thou art bring-ing me my life.
ppp
SATYAVĀN.
XXIX (opens his eyes)
(feebly)
Sā-vi-tri is it thou?
E.H.
I thought there was a strang-er here who threatened.
p
ppp

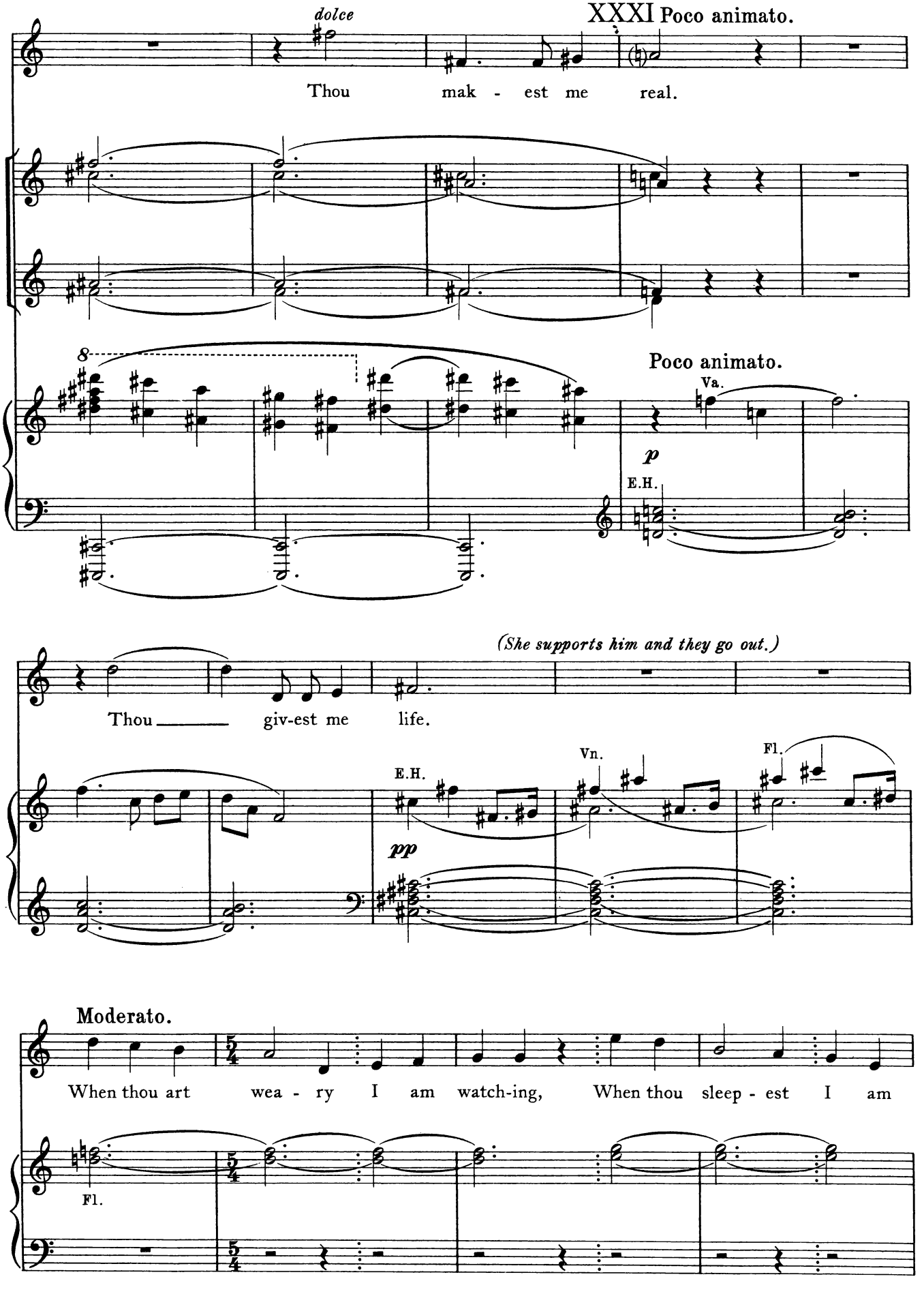

SĀVITRI.
p dolce
One hath been here, a Ho - ly One, Who
Voices.
Va.
SĀVITRI.
blessed me.
SATYAVĀN. senza mesura (ad lib.)
Then it was but a dream, Yea, so too was my wear - i - ness,


dolce
Ma - ya had seized me. I was her slave. Now hath she
1st ALTOS.
ppp Str.

XXX


Andante.
fled. Nought re-mains but thou and thy
Andante.
Fl.


SĀVITRI.
senza mesura
love, Thou a-lone art free from Ma-ya, Thou a-lone art real.
SATYAVĀN.
pp senza mesura
With-out thee I am as the
senza mesura
dead, A word with-out mean-ing, Fire with-out warmth, a star - less night
pp
Str.
pp
Fl.


dolce
XXXI Poco animato.
Thou mak - est me real.
8
Poco animato.
Va.
p
E.H.
(She supports him and they go out.)
Thou giv-est me life.
E.H.
pp
Vn.
Fl.
Moderato.
When thou art wea - ry I am watch-ing, When thou sleep - est I am
Fl.

SĀVITRI. *(Exit with SATYAVĀN.)*

wak-ing, When in sor-row I am near mak-ing it a thing of joy Be-

DEATH.

XXXII

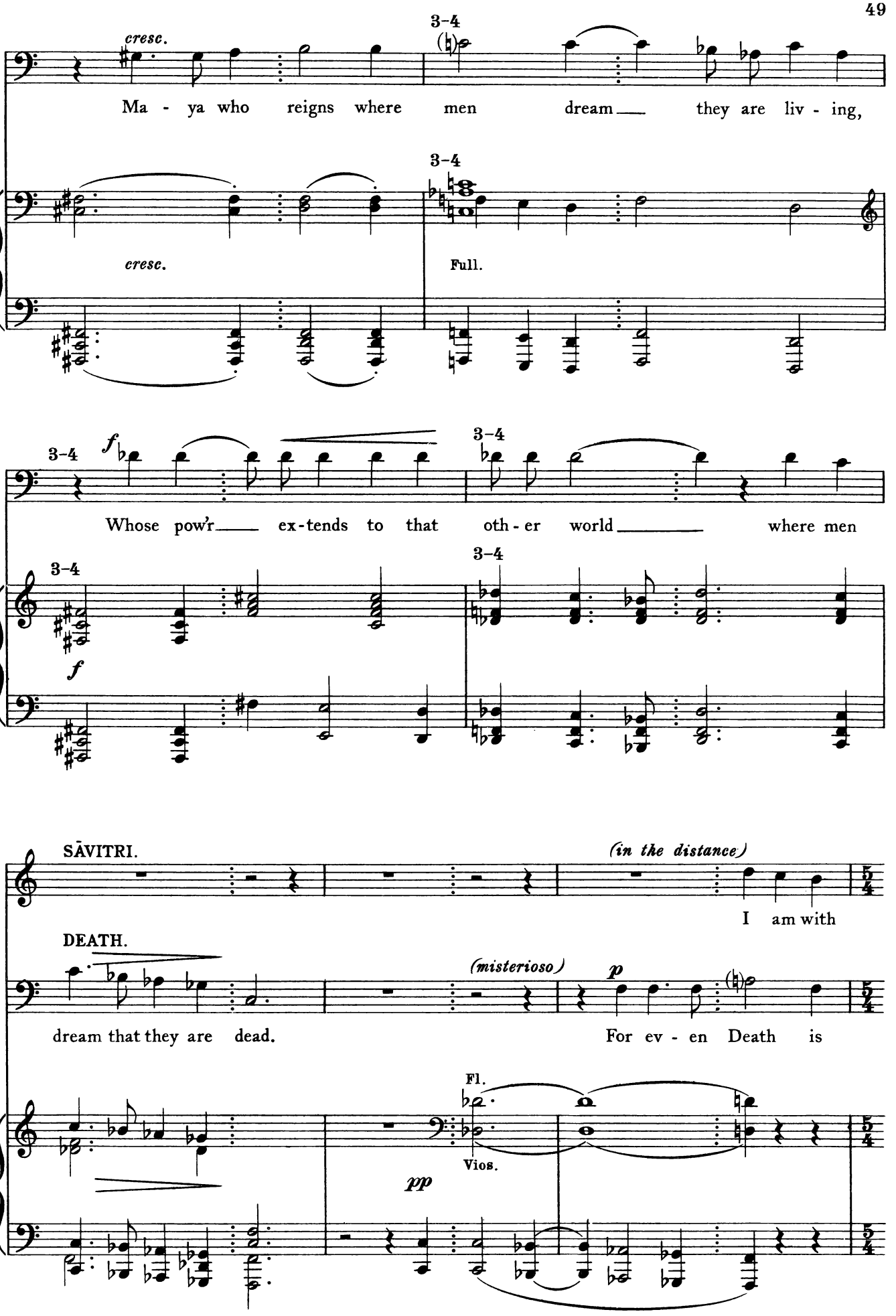
-yond all oth-er joys.

(passing in the background)

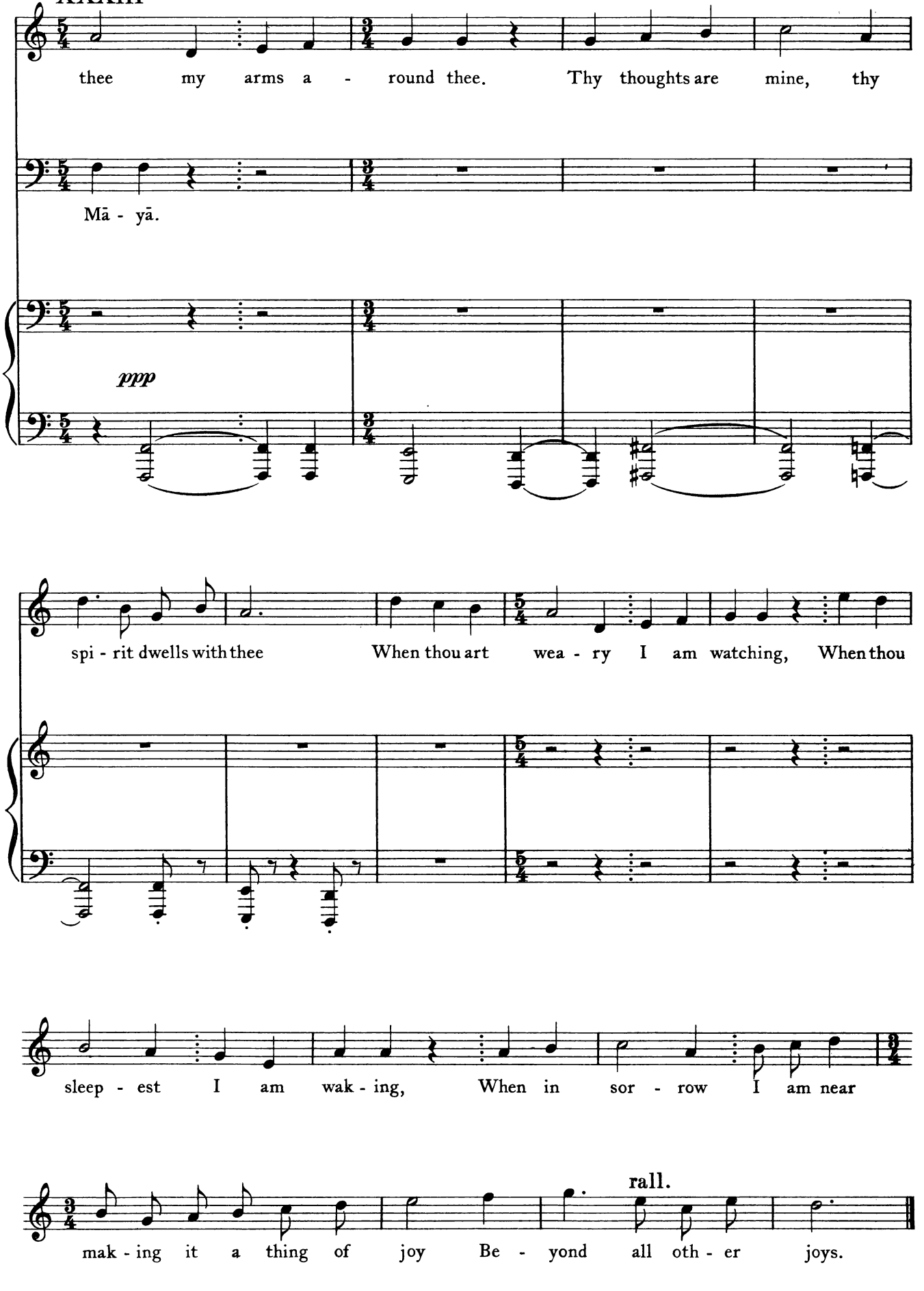
Un-to his king-dom Death wend-eth a-lone

E.H.
Str.

One hath con-quer'd him, One know-ing life, One free from Mā-yā


cresc.
3-4
Ma - ya who reigns where men dream they are liv - ing,
cresc.
Full.
3-4
f
Whose pow'r ex-tends to that oth-er world where men
SĀVITRI.
(in the distance)
I am with
DEATH.
(misterioso)
p
dream that they are dead.
For ev - en Death is
Fl.
Vios.
pp

XXXIII


thee my arms a - round thee. Thy thoughts are mine, thy
Mā - yā.
ppp
spi - rit dwells with thee When thou art wea - ry I am watching, When thou
sleep - est I am wak - ing, When in sor - row I am near
rall.
mak - ing it a thing of joy Be - yond all oth - er joys.